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THE LURE of the MASK

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"Monte Carol! Gold, gold, little round pieces of gold!" Merrihew rubbed his hands like the miser in The Chimes of Normandy.

"Hard to get and heavy to hold!" quoted Hillard. "I suppose that you have a system already worked out."

"Of course. I shall win if I stick to it."

"Or if the money lasts. Bury your system, my boy. It will do you no good. Trust to luck only. Monte Carlo is the graveyard of systems."

"But maybe my system is the one. You can't tell till I have tried it."

Merrihew lighted a cigar, and Hillard smiled secretly. After some time the conductor came in to examine the tickets. When the examination was over he paused in front of Merrihew, who puffed complacently.

"Signore," the conductor said politely, "e vietato fumare."

Merrihew replied with an uncomprehending stare.

"Non fumer!" said the conductor, with his hand at the side of his mouth, as one does to a person who is suddenly discovered to be hard of hearing.

Merrihew smiled weakly and signified that he did not understand.

"Nicht rauchen!" cried the official in desperation.

Merrihew extended his hands hopelessly. He had nothing belonging to the conductor. Hillard had the tickets.

"Niet rooken! Niet rooken!"

"I say, Jack, what the deuce does he want, anyhow?"

"Cigare, cigare!" The conductor gesticulated toward the window.

"Oh!" Merrihew took the cigar from his teeth and went through the pantomime of tossing it out of the window.

"Si, si!" assented the conductor, delighted that he was finally understood.

"You might have given me the tip," Merrihew grumbled across to Hillard. He viewed the half-burnt perfecto ruefully and filliped it through the window. "How should I know smoking was prohibited?"

"You had your joke; this is mine. Besides, I remained silent to the advantage of your future education. The conductor has spoken to you in four languages—Italian, French, German and Dutch." Hillard then spoke to the conductor. "May not my friend smoke so long as ladies do not enter?"

"Certainly, since it does not annoy you." Then the conductor bowed and disappeared into the next compartment.

Merrihew inscribed on the back of an envelope, for future reference, the four phrases, and in ten minutes had, with the assistance of his preceptor, mastered their pronunciations.

"I wish I had been born a hotel concierge," he said mournfully. "They speak all languages, and the Lord knows where they find the time to learn them."

"The Englishman, the Parisian and the American are the poorest linguists" said Hillard. "They are altogether too well satisfied with themselves and their environments to bother learning any language but their own, and most Americans do not take the trouble to do that."

"Hear, hear!"

"It is because I am a good patriot that I complain," said Hillard. "I love my country, big, healthy and strong as it is; but I wish my people would brush up their learning, so that these foreigners would have less right to make sport of us."

"There's some truth in what you say. But we are young, and going ahead all the time."

Soon the train began to lift into the mountains, the beautiful Apennines, and Merrihew counted so many tunnels he concluded that this was where the inventor of the cinematograph got his idea. Just as some magnificent valley began to unfold, with a roar the train dashed into a dank, sooty tunnel. One could neither read nor enjoy the scenery; nothing to do but sit tight and wait, let the window down when they passed a tunnel, lift it when they entered one. By the time they arrived in Genoa, late at night, both compared favorably with the coalers in the harbor of Naples.

The English and American tourists have done much toward making Italy a soap-and-water tolerating country (loving would be misapplied). But in Italy the State owns the railroads. There is water (of a kind), but never soap or towels.

Early the next morning the adventuress set out for Monte Carlo, taking only their hand-luggage. More tunnels. A compartment filled with women and children. And hot besides. But the incomparable beauty of the Riviera was a compensation.

Ventimiglia, or Vintimille, has a sinister sound in the ears of the traveler, if perchance he be a man fond of his tobacco. A turbulent stream cuts the town in two. On the east side stands a gloomy barn of a station; on the other side one of the most picturesque walled towns in Europe, and of Roman antiquity. The train drew in. A dozen steps more, and one was virtually in France. But there is generally a slight hitch before one takes the aforesaid steps: the French costums. A facchino popped his head into the window.

"Eight minutes for examination of luggage!" he cried.

He held out his arms, and Hillard piled the luggage upon him.

"Come, Dan; lively, if we want good seats when we come out. We change trains."

The two men followed the porter to the ticket entrance, surrendered their coupons, and passed into the customs. The porter had to go round another way. After a short skirmish they located their belongings, which unfortunately were far down toward the end of the barrier. They would have to be patient. Hillard held in his hands his return coupons to Genoa. Sometimes this helps at the frontiery and if one has a steamer ticket, better still. Inspectors then understand that one is to be but a transient guest.

Among the inspectors at Ventimiglia is a small, wizened Frenchman, with a face as cold and impassive as the sand-blown Sphinx. He possesses among other accomplishments a nose, peculiar less for its shape than for its smell. He can "smell out" tobacco as a witch doctor in Zululand smells out a "devil." Fate directed this individual toward the Americans. Hillard knew him of old; and he never forgets a face, this wizened little man.

"Monsieur has nothing to declare?" he asked.

Hillard made a negative sign and opened his cases. With scarce a glance at their contents, and waving aside the coupons, the inspector applied the chalk and turned to Merrihew.

"Monsieur has nothing to declare?" he repeated.

Merrihew shook his head airily. "Niente, niente!" he said in his best Italian. He did not understand what the ispector said; he merely had suspicions.

"Look!" suddenly exclaimed Hillard.

Passing out of the door which led to liberty and to France, their luggage guaranteed by cabalistic chalk marks, were two women. One of them was veiled, the other was not.

"Kitty Killigrew, as I live!" shouted Merrihew, making a dash for the door.

But the inspector blocked the way, beckoned to a gendarme, who came over, and calmly pointed to Merrihew's unopened cases.

"Open!" said the inspector, all his listlessness gone. He had seen people in a hurry before.

"But—" Merrihew struggled to pass.

"For heaven's sake!" cried Hillard, "be patient and open the cases at once."

Merrihew handled his keys clumsily. The first key on the ring should have been the last, and the last first. It is ever thus when one is in a hurry. Finally he threw back the lids, feeling that in another moment he must have spouted Italian or French out of pure magic, simply to tell this fool inspector what he thought of him.

"Oho! Monsieur in a hurry!" mocked the inspector. "Nothing, nothing!" He took out the two boxes of cigars.

"Why the devil didn't you tell me you had them?" Hilliard demanded wrathfully. To find the women by this stroke of luck and then lose them again for two boxes of cigars! It was maddening!

As a matter of fact Merrihew had forgotten all about them, so far as intentional wrong-doing was concerned.

The inspector went through Merrihew's possessions with premeditated leisure. Everything had to come out. He even opened the shaving sets, the collar box, the pin cases, and the tie bag. Other persons pushed by toward the train, uttering their relief aloud. Still the inspector doddered on.

"Will you hasten?" asked Hilliard. We do not wish to miss our train."

"Others follow," said the inspector, laconically.

Hillard produced a five-franc piece. The inspector laughed without noise. This one inspector is impervious to money or smooth speeches. He is the law personified, inexorable.

"Tell him to keep the cigars, but let us go!" Merrihew begged.

No, that would not do. Monsieur had not declared the cigars. If he persisted, the government would confiscate the cigars, but in place of duty there would be a large fine. Monsieur had better be patient and pay the duty only, retaining his valuable cigars. It was very liberal on his (the inspector's) part.

Hillard strained his eyes, but saw neither Kitty nor the veiled lady again. Doubtless they were already on the train. Had Merrihew been an old traveler he would have left him to get to Monte Carlo the best way he could; but Merrihew was as helpless as a child, and he hadn't the heart to desert him, though he deserved to be deserted.

Ding-ding! went the bell. Toot-toot! went the horn. Whee-whee! went the whistle. The train for Monte Carlo was drawing out, and they were being left behind. Hillard swore and Merrihew went white with impotent anger. If only he could hit something! The inspector smiled and went on with his deadly work. When he was certain that they could not possibly catch the train he chalked the cases, handed the cigars to their owner, and pointed to a sign the other side of the barricade.

"What shall I do now, Jack?" asked Merrihew.

"I refuse to help you. Find out yourself."

So Merrihew, hopeless and subdued, went into the room designated, saw the cigars taken out and weighed, took the bill and presented it, with a hundred-lire note at a little window in off-room. The official there pushed the money back indifferently.

"Francaise, Monsieur, francaise!"

Merrihew blinked at him. What was the matter now? Was the note bad?

"Change, cambio!" said the official, testily. Would tourists never learn anything?

Merrihew got it through his head somehow where the difficulty lay. He went out again, remembering the sign Cambio hanging in front of the news stand. He lost half a dollar in the exchange, but for the time being his troubles were over.

Meanwhile Hillard had made inquiries at the door. No, the official there told him, he had not noticed the lady in the veil. So many passed; it was impossible to recollect.

And Merrihew found him sitting disconsolately on the barricade.

"I hope you are perfectly satisfied," said Hillard, with an amiability which wouldn't have passed muster anywhere.

"Oh, I'm satisfied, answered Merrihew. He stuffed his pockets with cigars, slammed the boxes into the case and locked them up. He collected his belongings and repacked the other case, keeping up a rumbling monotone as he did so. "Oh, yes; I am damned satisfied."

"I warned you about tobacco."

"I know it."

"You should have told me."

"I know that, too, but I didn't want you to lecture me."

"A lecture would have been better than waiting her in this barn for three hours."

"Three hours?" despondently.

"Oh, there's a restaurant, but it's not much better than this. It's bad. flies and greasy plates."

Conversation died. For the first time in the long run of their friendship there was a coolness between them. However, their native sense of humor was too strong for this coolness to last. Merrihew was first to break the silence.

"Jack, I am an ass!" penitently.

"I admit it," said Hillard, smiling.

"Let's hunt up the restaurant; I am hungry and thirsty."

And by the time they had found the Ristorante Tornaghi—miserable and uninviting—they were laughing.

"Only, I wish I knew where they were going," was Hillard's regret.

"They?" said Merrihew.

"Yes, the woman with Kitty is the woman I'm going to find if I stay in Europe 10 years. And when I find her, I'm going to marry her."

"Sounds good," said Merrihew, pouring himself a third glass of very indifferent Beaune.

"And they may be going anywhere But to Monte Carlo—Paris, Cherbourg, Calais. In my opinion Monte Carlo is the last place two such women are likely to go alone."

"Have a cigar," Merrihew urged drolly. "I paid 15 cents apiece for them in Rome. They are now four for a dollar. And I suppose that I'll have to smoke them all up in Monte Carlo, on the Italian end of this ruin will sink the harpoon into me for 50 more francs. I'd like to get that blockhead over the line, I'd customs him."

"Don't blame him. He is to be admired. He is one of the rarities of Europe—an honest official."

So they sat in the dingy restaurant, smoking and laughing and grumbling till the next train was announced. At 4 that afternoon they arrived without further mishap at the most interesting station of its size in Europe—Monte Carlo. And Merrihew saw gold which ever way he looked; in the sunshine on the sea, in the glistening rails, in the reflecting windows of the many-terraced hotels, in the orange trees; gold, gold, beautiful gold napoleins.

And then, into the omnibus adjoining, came the man with the scar.

CHAPTER XIII

Kitty Asks Questions.

The Riviera, from San Remo on the Italian side, to Cannes on the French, possesses a singular beauty. Cities and villages nestle in bays or crowd frowning promontories; and sheltered from northern winds by mountains rugged and lofty, the vegetation is tropical and rich. Thousands of splendid villas (architectural madnesses) string out along the rock-bound coast; and princes and grand dukes and kings live in some of these. Often a guide will point out some little palace and dramatically whisper that this will be the villa of a famous ballerina, or Spanish dancer, or opera singer, or some duchess whose husband never had any duchy. And seldom these villas are more than a stone's throw from the villas of the princes and grand dukes and kings. Nobility and royalty are fond of jovial company. Aladdin's lamp is not necessary here, where one may build a villa by the aid of one's toes!

Nature—earthly nature—has nothing to do with the morality of humanity, if it can not uplift. Yet humanity can alter nature, beautify it after a conventional manner, or demolish it, still after a conventional manner. On the Riviera humanity has nature pretty well in hand.

Villefranche stands above Nice, between that white city and Monte Carlo. It is quiet and lovely. For this reason the great army of tourists pass it by; there is no casino, no band, no streets full of tantalizing shops. On the very western limit of Villefranche, on the winding white road which rises out of Nice, a road so frequently passed over by automobiles that a haze of dust always hangs over it, is a modest little villa, so modest that a ballerina would scorn it and a duchess ignore it. It is, in truth, a pensione, where only those who come well recommended are accepted as guests. It is on the left of the road as you ride east, and its verandas and window balconies look straight out to sea, the eternally blue Mediterranean. A fine grove of shade trees protects it from the full glare of the sun.

In the balcony La Signorina reposed in a steamer chair, gazing seaward. The awning cast a warm glow of gold on her face and hair, a transparent shadow. She was at this moment the most precious thing upon which the eye may look—a wholly beautiful woman. Kitty Killigrew, standing in the casement window, stared at her silently, not without some envy, not without some awe. What was going on behind those dreamy eyes? Only once did the woman in the chair move, but this movement was tense with passion; she clenched her hands and struck them roughly on the arms of the chair. Immediately she relaxed, as if realizing how futile such emotion was. Kitty stirred and came out. She sat in the neighboring chair.

"Hilda?" said Kitty.

"Yes, Kitty."

"Who and what are you?" Kitty asked bravely.

La Signorina's eyes wandered till they met Kitty's. There was neither anger nor surprise in the glance, only deliberation.

"And what good would it do you to know? Would it change our positions any? Would it bring money from home any sooner? You already know without my telling you, that I am unhappy. The adventuress always is."

"Adventuress?" Kitty laughed scornfully. "The proprietor pretends he does not know you, but I am certain he does. He forgets himself sometimes in the way he bows to you. He has even called you altezza, which you tell me is Italian for highness."

"He is in hope of a liberal tip."

"The proprietor? One does not tip him."

"That is true. I cannot understand his motive, then."

"If he also applied the title to me, it would be different. He rarely notices me. Won't you tell me what the secret is?"

"How beautiful that white sail looks!"

"You know all about me," Kitty went on, stubbornly.

"Because you told me. I never asked you a single question."

"And you have told me nothing."

"Why should I? Come, Kitty, be reasonable. Tell me what you think of that sail. Is it not beautiful in the sunset?"

"Is it—love?"

"Love?" La Signorina shrugged. "Poor Kitty, you are trying in vain to make a romance out of my life. What should I know of love? It is a myth, a fable, only to be found in story books. You should not read so much."

"It is not curiosity," declared Kitty. "It is because I love you, and because it makes me sad when I hear you laugh, when I see you beat your hands against the chair just as you did now." There was a tremble in Kitty's voice that suggested the nearness of tears.

La Signorina turned again, in a passion which was as fierce as it was sudden.

"There is a man," she whispered rather than spoke, the pupils in her eyes dilating so that the blue irises nearly disappeared. "But I loathe him, I hate him, I abhor him! And were it not wicked to kill he would have been dead long ago. Enough! If you ever ask another question I will leave you. I like you, but I insist that my secrets shall be my own, since they concern you in no manner."

"I am sorry," said Kitty with contrition. But I suspected there was a man. I understand. He was false to you and broke your heart," romantically.

"No, Kitty, only my pride."

"It is a strange world," mused Kitty.

"It would be otherwise were it not that the heart and the mind are always at war. But let us turn to our agairs. I received a letter today."

"From home?" eagerly.

"I have no home, Kitty. The letter is from a friend in Naples. Mr. Hillard and Mr. Merrihew, friends of yours, are in Italy."

Kitty could scarcely believe her ears. "Where are they? Where are they stopping?"

"That I do not know. But listen. They have started out to find us. When I tell you that Mr. Hillard is the gentleman I dined with that night before we sailed you will understand my reasons for wishing to avoid him. From this time on we must never appear on the streets without our veils. If by chance we meet them we must give no sign. It will be only for a little while. Your letter will come soon, and you may renew your acquaintance with these two gentlemen when you return home. It may be hard for you; but if you wish to stay with me, my will must be a law unto you."

"Not to speak to them if we meet them?" urged Kitty in dismay.

"No."

"But that is cruel of you. They are both gentlemen," said Kitty, with fierce pride.

"I do not know Mr. Merrihew, but I can saw that Mr. Hillard is a gentleman. I have proved that. As for being cruel, I am not; only selfish."

"Are you not a queen who has run away from a kingdom?" asked Kitty bitterly. "One reads about them every day in the papers."

"My dear, you are free to choose one of two paths. Sometimes I need you, Kitty; and the sight of you and the knowledge of your nearness helps me. I shall not urge you one way or the other, but you must make your final choice at once."

Several minutes passed. Kitty looked out to sea, and La Signorina closed her eyes. In her heart Kitty knew that she could no more leave this woman than she could fly. She was held by curiosity, by sentiment, by the romantic mystery.

"I have chosen," she said at length. "I shall stay with you."

"Thanks, Kitty. And now, the affairs of the company. We have played three days and have lost steadily. Tonight will be the last chance. Win or lose, tomorrow we shall return to Venice. I do not like the idea of going to Monte Carlo at night; it is not exactly safe. But since beggars mustn't be choosers, we must go. Again I warn you to speak to no one while I am playing; and under no circumstance raise your veil. They have begun to notice us, but it will end tonight. I was mad to think that I could win. And by the way, Kitty, we shall not go back to the Campo Formosa."

Kitty accepted this news brightly. If there was one place she hated, it was the Campo. She had never been so lonely in all her days as in that evil-smelling tenement in the Campo Santa Maria Formosa.

"Now run and dress," advised La Signorina, "Let me dream a little more while the sun sets. I can dream a pleasant dream sometimes."

And indeed the dream was not unpleasant, for her thoughts went back to that night in New York. Did he really think of her, then? Was it possible for a man to forget so bizarre an episode? Rather would it not leave a lasting impression? She liked him. He had a clean, kindly face and handsome eyes. How she had played with him! How she had tempted him! And yet, through it all, a gentleman, a witty, inetresting, amiable gentleman, who never approached the innuendo, or uttered a double-meaning. On her part she had taken great risks; but the fun had been merry and harmless.

She recalled his liberal-minded patriotism and his sensible comparisons. Surely he was right; the race of gentlemen had not yet died out in far America. With what mystery had he invested her? With what charms had he endured her? She smiled gently. It was pleasant to be made a heroine even for the small space of two hours. He was an idle young man, after a fashion; that was because he had not been waked up. But under his jest and under his laughter she was sure that there was courage and purpose and high emprise. Take care! she thought. Take care! Might not this little dream carry her too far out to sea? . . . To have met a man like this one in time! How gracefully, how boyishly, he had kissed her hand! More than this, there had been an artless admiration in his upturned eyes, an expression which a gentleman of the Old World would have lacked. Why had she sent him that mask? Had it been a challenge, an indirect challenge, daring him to follow and seek her? She really could not answer. It had been one of those half-conscious whims which may be assigned to no positive cause. Besides, no sensible man would have accepted such a challenge. She knew men tolerably well: after thirty they cease to follow visions; they seek tangible things. . . . No, they must never meet again. It would not be wise. Her heart, lonely, disappointed, galled as it were by disillusion, might not withstand much storming. And she had no wish to add this irretrievable folly to the original blunder. Too late, too late! Decidedly they must not meet again. She was afraid.

The red rim of the sun sank quickly now, and the sea turned cold and deeply blue, and the orange-tinted sails grew drab and lonely. And with the sun the brightness of her dream went out. Would she never cast out the life which was false, though colorful and fantastic? Would she never accept real life, dull and sober? Romance! Had it not led her into this very pit from which only death could release her? This impossible vein was surely the legacy of some far ancestor, some knight of the windmills, not of her father and mother, both so practical, so wise, so ambitious. Ah, she thought in her heart, had they but lived to see the folly of what they believe to be wisdom!

No, they must go their separate ways till the end. When she was old she would reread his letters. With a sigh she rose and went into the room. Kitty was busy with the finishing touches of her toilet. Kitty was not vain; she was only pretty. The other woman kissed her fondly.

"Pretty Kitty Killigrew!" she said. "It is positively lyrical."

"And do you realize that you are the most beautiful woman in the world?"

"Little flatterer!"

"And if I were a man—" Kitty paused.

"Well, and if you were a man?"

"I'd fall in love with you and marry you."

La Signorina looked into the mirror.

(To Be Continued.)

WHEN THE PRICE OF EGGS WAS BUT A CENT APIECE

While congressional and state committees are investigating the vexed question of the cost of living and the rise in prices, some interesting figures have come to light in the ledger of an old New England general storekeeper for the towns of Sutton and Weare, N. H., for the years 1817, 1818 and 1819.

In this old ledger not only cost prices are shown, but owing to the farm custom of "paying in kind," the record is kept of both what the storekeeper charged his cash customers, and what he paid the farmer for their produce.

The storekeeper was also justice of the peace, county surveyor and school board examiner, and in his judicial capacity there is an item of his recording a deed for a fee of 17 cents.

Starting in with the necessaries of life the farmers of Weare and Sutton paid 84 cents for a half bushel of fine salt, as against a present charge of 10 cents for a quart bag. Eggs regularly sold for a cent apiece, with apparently but slight regard for the winter months, when hens are supposed to cease laying. The only rise of price found was one item of 12 eggs for 13 cents instead of the regulation penny apiece.

Chicken at Eight Cents a Pound.

Meat and fowl were dispensed at rates to make the modern housewife green with envy. The Sutton storekeeper purchased "25¼ pounds of chicken @ 8 cents a pound." He sold it at the rate of 3¾ pounds "dressed fowl for 37 cents."

The market rate now obtaining in New York City is 30 cents a pound for fowl, with the heads and feet weighed in. Veal, back in 1817, cost 5 cents a pound, that apparently being the rate for the entire carcass. No mention is made of beef or pork, except that one customer received credit of $1 for killing a hog, so apparently even the storekeeper raised his own pork.

Codfish sold for 6 and 7 cents a pound at the highest, while now even the humble cod has gone up to 20 cents. Scalefish, whatever those were, commanded 4½ cents a pound in the New Hampshire market.

As for butter, trade customers who sold to the storekeeper got 12½ cents a pound, while the purchasers frequently paid 16. In winter butter ran up to 20 cents, but only one mention was found of butter at that rate. The stores in Tenth avenue, New York, where the prosperous do not go, are now advertising butter at 37 cents, while ordinary families have to pay 40 cents a pound for theirs.

The price of corn and rye at this time before the introduction of machinery, when the grain was mowed by hand, is practically the same that farmers are paying today. Coffee ranged from 15 cents a pound up to 29, but tea on the other hand was a luxury. It was sold generally in quarter pounds at 32 cents for the quarter. There is only one entry in the ledger where a customer bought a whole pound of tea at once. He paid $1.17 for that.

Labor 12 Cents Per Day.

On the other hand, when people worked out their accounts, labor was very cheap. Abigail Harvey worked at 12 cents a day to pay for six yards of dimity at 50 cents a yard. When Rachel Kimball bought a quarter of a pound of snuff and a quart of brandy she was credited with 30 cents for knitting a pair of mittens and with 29 cents for 12 pounds of dried apples. She had to pay 72 cents for a flatiron, which is rather higher than the rate today.

Calico, which now sells at 15 cents a yard, was then bought at 38 cents, "cotton stripe" at 40 cents, dimity at 50. On the other hand, a woolen shawl sold for $1.25 and shoes at $1.75. The blacksmith who shod the storekeeper's horse was credited with 48 cents for his work, whereas the same process now costs $2.

In the several hundred pages recording these transactions now nearly 100 years old, there is only one purchase of an umbrella. This went to Jonathan Harvey, whose brother was a member of congress and later governor of New Hampshire, and to support his dignity Jonathan paid $2.25 for his splendor. On the other hand one of the most astounding parts of the records are the items of strong drink sold by the storekeeper, who, by the way, made all of his eight children sign the pledge.

On one page there are 18 separate and individual sales of liquor, largely "N. E. Rum," as it was called. On another page Gurden Huntley is recorded as purchasing 76 pints of rum, besides brandy, gin, toddy, punch and some mysterious drink known as "four quarts of black strap," said to have been a mixture of rum, molasses and vinegar.

For the month of April Jonathan Harvey did pretty well for the supposedly Puritanical farmer. Here is his record: April 8, 1 pint rum, 11 cents; April 10, 3 pints rum, 33 cents; April 11, 1 quart rum, 22 cents; April 15, 2 pints and half mug of punch, 35 cents; April 18, 2 pints rum, 22 cents; April 20, 2 pints rum, 22 cents.

On April 20 Mr. Harvey found it well to purchase 28 cents worth of bitters. This was followed by three pints on the 25th, "rum, etc.," to the amount of 70 cents on the 27th, two pints on the 28th and a gill on the 29th. By the time June is reached Mr. Harvey's items of drinkables are interspersed with purchases of molasses and sulphur. It is also noticeable that even the men written down in the church ledgers as elders also had their items of "N. E. Rum."

SOME STRONG POINTS ON CANADIAN PROGRESS

IN A WINTER which is very vigorous south of the international boundary, Canada, colder than any of the states, if the averages for the whole country were taken for comparison, continues to make remarkable progress and presents a notable picture of vitality and growth. The dominion looks bigger and stronger and more promising than it ever did before, and there are many points which Canadians are able to cite in praise of their country which are effective, even if judged by the standards of this vast republic, which often thinks of Canada as tucked away beneath its shadow.

For example, the immigration to Canada from the United States alone, last year, was greater, in proportion to the total population, than the entire inflow of immigrants seeking work or homes in this country. In the whole volume of immigration Canada beat the United States two to one, relatively to the population. Canada also surpassed the United States, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, in the mileage of railroads built last year and in proportion also to the total extent of the railroad system. With a population equal to about 5.5 per cent of the population of the United States, the railroad mileage of the dominion is equal to 12 per cent of the American total. The tracks laid in this country last year added only about 1.3 per cent to the existing mileage. In Canada the rate of increase in the same year was about 3.6 per cent.

Again, the number of persons killed and injured on Canadian railroads was much less last year, in proportion to the population of the country and the extent of its railway system, than the number of railroad casualties in the United States. That fact is the more remarkable because the Canadian railroads are so largely in new and little developed regions. It seems, on the surface, at least, to be due, in part, to the greater respect for life which has always characterized the dominion. Homicides are not nearly so numerous, in proportion to the population, as they are in the United States. Canadian life moves faster than it did not many years ago, but there is still a strong tendency to the slow, sure and safe way of doing things which is not altogether popular in the United States.

Another source of Canadian pride in these prosperous days of rapid growth, is the remarkable quality as well as the great volume of immigration to the Canadian Northwest. More than half of it comes from the United States, and it is believed that the 90,000 Americans, in round figures, who moved across the boundary last year, carried with them not less than $90,000,000. They furnished an extraordinarily resourceful and efficient element in the population of the vast new region where they have settled. The bulk of the other half, or near half, of the immigration received by Canada last year was British, and it brought into the country a good deal of capital, though nothing like the amount of American money which was taken to the dominion for investment.

Such facts explain the swift expansion of Canadian trade, internal and foreign, the great gains shown by the bank clearings in Canadian cities, the increasingly important investments made by Canadian capitalists in foreign countries, notably Brazil, Mexico and some other parts of Latin America, and the rapid development of Canadian industries, with agriculture leading the van. Canadian waterways and Canadian traffic on the great lakes are being enlarged steadily, on a broad scale. Canada's mines and forests never looked richer or more important than they do now.

Such Canadian progress, of course, means much for the part of the United States close to the Canadian border. It will be a powerful force operating to the advantage of the lake cities of this country, and it will benefit the American northwest greatly, in the long run. The big lake ports ought to be the foremost centers of trade with the dominion, and they should profit most by Canadian trade.

TAVERNAY

A TALE of THE RED TERROR

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER XIX.

The First Venture.

We turned our faces westward toward the sun, whose last rays were gilding the clouds along the horizon, following the little valley which had been hollowed in the hills by the stream at which we had drunk. As we went on, this valley opened more and more, changing from a rough and precipitous aspect to one smooth and rolling, giving promise of human occupancy. Our most urgent need was food and I determined to apply for it at the first house we came to, no matter what its appearance, first with silver, and if that failed, with a loaded pistol as a persuasive.

So I kept a sharp lookout, but for nearly an hour we pressed forward without catching a glimpse of any human habitation, save a few shacks long since deserted and falling to decay. Plainly this country had not escaped the blight which had fallen on the rest of France—which swept the peasants into the armies, drove the nobles abroad and left the fields deserted. Darkness closed in about us as we went, but I still kept my eyes to left and right, in the hope that they might be greeted by a ray of light from some welcome window.

At last my companion, who had kept close at my heels, halted and sank down upon a hummock of earth with a sigh of weariness.

"I fear I must ask a breathing spell, my friend," she said.

"Of course," I answered instantly. "I have been thoughtless," and I dropped beside her. Even in the darkness I could see by the white face she bent upon me how utterly spent she was and a sharp twinge of remorse seized me. "I strode along without considering you!"

"You paid me the compliment of thinking me not entirely a weakling," she corrected and smiled wearily.

"You turn it skillfully," I said. "At least I hope you will discourage any more such compliments."

"Very well," she agreed; "I promise. But we must be getting on," she attempted to rise.

I caught her arm and held her in her seat.

"We must be doing no such thing!" I retorted. "It is worse than foolish to plunge ahead as we have been doing, half starved. You are going to remain here and rest. I will make you a bed of grass and leaves in this little hollow, and you will lie here quietly and gaze at the stars, thinking of me as kindly as you can, while I go in search of food. I shall not be long away and you will be quite safe."

She sat without answering, watching me while I piled such dry grass as I could find into the little hollow. At last it was ready.

"Now," I said, turning to her, "If you will rest here—"

"You are very good to me," she breathed, and took her place upon the couch I had provided, which I fear was none too soft.

"Oh, no," I answered, controlling myself with a supreme effort as I bent above her and assured myself that her cloak was snug about her; "I am not wholly unselfish. I must keep you fresh, I must not permit you to exhaust yourself, or you will be getting ill, and then what should I do?"

"No, I shall not be ill," she said, quite positively. "I am not such a weakling as that."

"Besides," I added, "I am frightfully hungry; I must have something to eat, if I commit murder for it."

"You will not expose yourself?" she asked quickly.

"No; there is no danger," I assured her.

"I shall pray for you," she added calmly. "And I fear there is one thing I must ask of you."

"Ask it," I said.

"Before I left my room at the chateau," she continued, "I chose the heaviest shoes I had—"

There was no need that she should say more. I bent and touched one of the little feet, just peeping from beneath the cloak. However heavy the shoes had been they were far too light for the rough service which had been exacted of them. They were almost in tatters and I could guess how the sharp stones which had torn the leather had bruised the tender flesh within. Yet she had followed me without a sigh, without a murmur! Impulsively I bent and kissed the instep of the little shoe, then rose unsteadily to my feet.

"I will get you another pair," I said: "and if I am to have any peace of mind, mademoiselle, you must not again permit me to forget your welfare, as I have been doing. With the best intentions in the world I am only a selfish and obtuse fellow, with a brain not bright enough to think of more than one thing at a time."

"I saw how your thoughts were occupied," she protested. "I knew that our safety depended upon you, and I did not wish to disturb you."

"To disturb me?" I echoed. "Ah, for once, madamoiselle, you were not really kind, for by keeping silent you have done more than that—you have made me suffer. But there—I am wasting time, and I can guess your hunger by my own. I will go. You are not afraid?"

"No," she murmured: "and yet I hope that you will not be long."

"No," I said; "No;" and not daring to trust myself further I turned and strode away through the darkness.

Only the biting need for prompt and well-directed action enabled me to master the sweet emotion which those words, so softly uttered, had awakened. I managed to crush it down, to put it behind me, and to address myself wholly to the task in hand. I must get food at once and at any price. But food in such a wilderness!

But fortune favored me—or perhaps the country was not a wilderness as I imagined—for at the end of ten minutes' brisk walking I collided with a hedge, and, too rejoiced at the discovery to feel the scratches I had sustained, I felt my way along it and came at last to a gate. It was not even latched, so I pushed it open and passed through. Once on the other side of it I found myself in what seemed an orchard.

"Arguing that where there was a hedge, a gate and an orchard there must also be a house, I pushed forward among the trees, not without difficulty, and came out at last into the clear air beyond. At the first glance I perceived a light just ahead of me, and made my way towards it with a deep thankfulness readily imagined. As I drew nearer I saw that the light proceeded from the window of a small house, which I was evidently approaching from the rear. I advanced cautiously and looked within. Three men were sitting about a table on which was a bottle of wine and the remains of a meal. They were talking together with great earnestness.

There was no time for hesitation or the weighing of risks, so I waited to see no more, but hastened around the house. It fronted upon a road which seemed wide and well-kept—undoubtedly a high road and not a mere country lane. A creaking sign proclaimed the place an inn, but the device painted upon it had so faded under wind and rain that I could not make it out. I raised the latch and entered, and without pausing to look about me, sat down at the nearest table and rapped loudly. One of the three men whom I had observed through the window arose and came to me.

"You are the inn-keeper?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered gruffly, his brows drawn close with annoyance, not in the least in the manner of a man welcoming a customer.

"Well, citizen," I continued, "I am in great haste—I am on an errand of importance—I must be off at once. Can I have some food to take with me—a fowl, say, and whatever else is at hand; together with two bottles of wine?"

"All that may no doubt be had, citizen," he answered, relaxing nothing of his sinister expression. "But there are certain difficulties in the way."

"Money, you mean?" and I laughed and threw two silver crowns upon the table. "Well, there it is, and you cannot quarrel with it, either. I don't offer you assignats mind you—and one doesn't often hear the ring of honest coin nowadays."

"That is true," he admitted, and his face relaxed a little as he eyed the money. "But there is yet another difficulty."

"And what is it?" I demanded.

"The other difficulty," he answered, watching me keenly, "is that in giving you these provisions I may be succoring an enemy of the nation."

I threw myself back in my chair and burst into a roar of laughter. Looking back upon it, there is no moment of my life of which I am more proud than I am of that one.

"An enemy of the nation!" I repeated, and then fell suddenly silent and affected to study him. "But how am I to know," I asked at last, "that that description may not really be deserved by you? How am I to know that it is not some villainly against the nation which you are plotting at that table yonder?"

He started, turned red, shifted un-

The Evening Star.

Just above you sandy bar,
As the day grows fainter and dimmer,
Lonely and lively, a single star
Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far
Falls the trail of its golden splendor,
And the gleam of that single star
Is ever refulgent, soft and tender.

Chrysaor rising out of the sea,
Showed thus glorious and thus emulous,
Leaving the arms of Callirrhoe,
Forever tender, soft and tremulous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far
Trailed the gleam of his falchion brightly;
That, entranced, I gaze on nightly!
—Longfellow.

When Wellington Was Harmless.

At the death of the Duke of Wellington the whole diplomatic corps was invited to the funeral at St. Paul's, according to the London Times. The French ambassador, on receiving his invitation, was very much upset. He hurried off to his colleague of Russia, Baron Brunnow, and confided to him the difficulty in which he was placed.

"The question," he said, "expects us to go to St. Paul's to the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. How can I go, considering the injuries which the duke inflicted on my country? What shall I do?"

Baron Brunnow listened gravely to his colleague's exposition and then replied: "As the duke is dead," he said, "I think you can safely go to the funeral. If you were asked to attend his resurrection, I should say refuse the invitation."

Cold—

The janitor neglects the heat—
A customary trick.
The tenant kicks a register
To register a kick.
—Kansas City Times.

Fixing the Date?

When Private John Allen was making his first run for congress in Mississippi he stayed overnight with an elder and went to church on Sunday morning.

During the service the preacher turned suddenly to a stranger who somehow had got into the Amen corner and said:

"My brother, when were you predestinated to eternal salvation or eternal damnation?"

The stranger, terribly embarrassed, answered hesitating: "I don't adzactly remember, parson, but I think it was befo' the wah."

WHY THERE ARE SUFFRAGE RIOTS IN PRUSSIA

THE news of fighting between the police and mobs in several German cities widely separated, may lead many American readers to suppose that the suffrage agitation which has brought on these outbreaks covers the whole German empire. The disturbances have been so serious, with severe injuries common on both sides and troops held in readiness to support the police, that a grave state of unrest is rightly inferred, and in this country it is natural to conclude that the trouble is with the election laws of all Germany.

On the contrary, the violent manifestations of discontent have been limited to the Kingdom of Prussia, the division of the empire which contains about two-thirds of Germany's population and dominates imperial affairs, in many ways. The capital of Germany is the capital of Prussia, and the royal family of the kingdom is established upon the throne of the empire.

These facts make it more exasperating for the Socialists, Radicals and Liberals in Prussia, to be compelled to endure the one-sided and oppressive election laws of that kingdom while the imperial elections at which the members of the reichstag, or national parliament, are chosen, are held under suffrage laws which give the ballot to all men of legal age, on equal terms. The Socialists, for instance, find that they can carry most of the districts into which Berlin is divided, in electing members of the imperial parliament, but they can get scarcely any representation in the Prussian Landtag, answering to the legislature of an American state, from the same city. In the reichstag, or imperial parliament, the Socialists at one time numbered about 20 per cent of the total, though that proportion has since fallen off, but it is only within the last two years that the Socialists have been able to elect any one to the Prussian Landtag, and the best they have done is to choose seven members out of 433, less than two per cent.

The explanation is the extraordinarily unfair and complicated electoral system in use in Prussia. The suffrage is limited, to begin with, by tax-paying and property qualifications, and then the citizens who have the right to vote are so divided into classes and are given such unequal weight, so to speak, at the polls that the effect is the practical disfranchisement of the poorer millions and the placing of enormous power in the hands of the rich. The system used is so

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EDITORIAL NOTE—We advise our readers who have symptoms of Kidney or Bladder trouble such as lame back, bladder irritation or inflammation, loss of sleep, etc., to give Swamp-Root a trial, as we find it is very highly recommended for these ailments. It is pleasant to take.

der my gaze, and I saw that I had won.

"I swear to you, citizen," he began, but I cut him short.

"And I also swear to you," I retorted, "that I am on the nation's business, which brooks no delay. If you are a friend of the nation, give me food; if you are its enemy, refuse it. The nation knows how to punish and its hand is heavy. Shall I write your name in my little book and after it the word 'suspect?' Come, prove yourself a good citizen, and at the same time get these pieces of silver for your pocket."

He hesitated yet a moment, going from one foot to the other in perplexity; but the silver, or my arguments, or perhaps both together carried the day.

"You shall have it," he said, and went to the farther end of the room where he opened a cupboard which was at the same time a larder and wine-cellar. From it he produced two bottles, a fowl already roasted, and a loaf of bread. As he passed his two companions, I fancied that a glance of understanding passed between them. A moment later they pushed back their chairs, bade him a noisy good-night, and left the room.

"How will this do?" asked my host, placing the bottles, the loaf and the fowl on the table before me, his vexation quite vanished.

"Excellently," I answered, noting with surprise that the fowl had really some flesh upon its bones. "One thing more; this road, I suppose leads to—"

"Loudon," he answered.

"And from there to Thouars?"

"Undoubtedly."

"I am on the right track, then," I said, simulating a sigh of relief. "That is all," I added, for I saw it was useless as well as dangerous to ask for shoes. "The silver is yours," and while he tested it with his teeth, placed a bottle in either pocket, and with the loaf under my arm and the fowl in my hand, opened the door and stepped out into the night.

I had my pistol ready and looked sharply to the right and left, but saw no one. Then, taking care to walk in the middle of the road, I pushed forward at a good pace until I was well away from the inn. I glanced around from time to time, but saw no sign that I was followed or heard any sound of pursuing footsteps; so, telling myself at last that my fears were groundless, I leaped the ditch at the side of the road and retraced my steps until I came again to the hedge back of the inn. From this I had but to follow the course of the brook here the merest thread of water, and at the end of ten minutes, I was back again at my starting point. I stopped and bent over the hollow, when a soft hand rose and touched my cheek.

"Is it you, M. de Tavernay?" asked a voice. "Oh, but I am glad! I was beginning to fear for you. What is that in your hand?"

"It is food," I answered, sitting down beside her and laughing with sheer joy. I drew my knife and severed the loaf and fowl alike in two equal portions, then with the point of it drew the corks and placed the bottles carefully in a hollow of the grass, propping them upright with some little stones. "There," I said, "the meal is served, mademoiselle; I think we may dispense with grace as we must with knives and forks."

She laughed delightedly as she took the portions I placed in her hands.

"You are a wizard, M. de Tavernay," she said. "I had expected, at most, a crust of bread, and you provide a feast."

"A feast is of value," I pointed out "only when it is in one's stomach."

"Well, this shall soon be in mine," she retorted; "never in my life have I had such an appetite," and she attacked the food with a vigor which it did me good to see.

Nor was it behind her. Never, before or since, have I tasted a fowl so tender, bread so sweet, wine so satisfying. It was almost worth the privations we had undergone—it was nature's compensation for that suffering! And our first hunger past, we took time to pause and chat a little. She had regained all her old spirits, and I am sure that for her, as for me, there was something fascinating and even dangerous in that moment. We forgot our past sorrow and future peril, we forgot our present situation and the trials we must encounter. The moon was rising again over the hills to the east, and revealed, just as it had done the night before, all the subtle delicacy of her beauty. What she was thinking of I know not, but my own thoughts flew back irresistibly to that hour in the garden—that sweet, swift-winged hour!

"But was it only last night?" I murmured, not realizing that I spoke aloud until the words were uttered.

"Indeed, it seems an age away!" she assented, absently, and a sudden burst of joy glowed within me.

"So you were thinking of it, too!" I cried, and tried to catch her hand.

"Thinking of what?" she asked, drawing away from me.

"Of the garden—of the precious moments we passed together there," I answered eagerly, my eyes on hers.

"On the contrary," she answered coolly, though I could have sworn she blushed, "I was thinking only that last night I was safe with my friends at the chateau—"

"Oh," I said, not waiting to hear more, and I sank back into my seat with a gesture of impatience.

"Though if you had not interrupted my thoughts," she continued smiling slyly, "I should doubtless, in time, have come to the garden scene."

"In time!" I repeated bitterly. "Of all the hours of my life, that one is ever-present with me. It eclipses all the rest."

"It will fade!" she assured me lightly. "It will fade! As for me, I do not dwell upon it, because I must be careful."

"Careful?"

"Certainly. Careful not to permit myself to think too tenderly of a man already betrothed. That would be the height of folly. Suppose I should begin to love him!"

"I see you are armed against me," I said dismally, "and that the poniard of your wit is as sharp as ever."

"It is the instinctive weapon of our sex," she explained. "We draw it whenever we scent danger. Once it fails us, we are lost."

"It failed for a time last night, thank God!" I retorted. "I have that to remember," and I recalled the sweet face raised to mine, the yielding form—

"Ungenerous!" she cried. "I did not think it of you, M. de Tavernay! Darkness and stress of storm drive a bird to take refuge in your bosom, and at daybreak you wring its neck!"

"No," I said, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, "I release it. I toss it back into the air. It flies away without a thought of me, glad only to escape; but I—I remember it and love it and I thank Heaven for the chance which drove it to me."

Impulsively she reached out her hand and touched my own.

"That is more like yourself," she said. "Now I know you again. And perhaps, my friend, the bird is not so ungrateful as you think."

"It may even return to the bosom which sheltered it?" I asked softly, leaning forward. "You think that, mademoiselle?"

"I fancy it would fear to do so."

"Fear?" I repeated. "Surely that least of all!"

"Fear that it might find the bosom empty," she explained remorselessly and I saw the old light in her eyes. "Fear that it might blunder upon another occupant with a better right—"

"I drew away from her, wounded, stung.

"But whether it returns or not," she added, in a gentler tone, "I am sure it will never forget."

And with that comfort, cold as it was, I was forced to be content.

"Come," I said, a sudden impatience of the place seizing me, "we must be getting forward. The moon will light our way." And then my heart fell suddenly, for I remembered her torn and ragged shoes. "I could not get you shoes," I said.

"No one can accomplish the impossible. It was foolish of me to ask for them."

"I will get them," I said; "but until then I shall have to carry you."

"Nonsense!" she protested. "You will do nothing of the kind. With that light in the sky I can choose my steps. Besides, my shoes are stronger than you imagine."

"The road is not far off," I said. "Once we have gained that, you may, perhaps, be able to walk alone. But I shall not permit you to torture yourself by limping over this rough ground."

She was looking at me with defiance in her eyes and I saw that I should have to use finesse.

"Please do not forget," I reminded her, "the selfishness of my disposition. One step upon a sharp stone and you will be so lamed that I shall have to carry you not a matter of a few hundred yards, but all the rest of the way to the Bocage. My back aches at thought of it, and so I propose for myself the lighter task in order to escape the other."

Her look changed from defiance to amusement.

"You have a wit truly ingenious, M. de Tavernay," she said. "I yield to it—for the moment."

"I knew that reason would convince you," I replied, trembling at the thought that I should have her in my arms again. "Come, there is still a little wine in the bottles. I propose a toast—the toast we drank last night," and I arose and bared my head. "The king—and may heaven protect him!"

But that tost was never to be drunk, for even as I raised the bottle, it was dashed from my lips, and two men hurled themselves upon me out of the darkness.

CHAPTER XX.

A Dagger of Another Sort.

For an instant I did not resist, so sudden and unlooked for was the attack; then, as I felt a merciless hand gripping my throat, I struck savagely at a face I could dimly see just in front of my own. A burst of blood flooded down over it, changing it into a hideous mask, but again I felt those fingers of steel abou. my neck—fingers which tightened and tightened, tear at them as I might. In a mad frenzy of rage and agony, I struck again and again at the face before me, until my tongue swelled in my mouth and the world danced red before my eyes. This was the end, then. I was to be murdered here by these tavern vagabonds; that vengeance I had sworn was never to be accomplished; and Charlotte—Charlotte——

The pang which struck through me was not one of physical suffering alone; indeed, for an instant, I ceased to feel those savage fingers. Ah, I could die—that were nothing! But to leave her! Had God abandoned us? Where was His justice? Where was His mercy? Again I tore at those fingers, desperately, madly; I felt the blood spurt from my nostrils, the heavens reeled before me, a black moon in a sky of living flame—

What magic was it drew that breath of air into my lungs? Life-giving aid which sent the heart bounding and the pulse leaping in answer! A second—a third! I was dimly conscious of a knife gleaming in the air. I struck again. The face vanished from before me, but the fingers—the fingers! They were buried in my flesh—they were crushing my life out. I raised a hand to my throat. The fingers were not there! And again the sky turned red and a black moon hung low in it, a moon which grew and grew until it swallowed the sky and the earth—

I was lying upon a vast bed of seaweed, which rose and fell with the waves of the ocean. Oh, the peace of it, the bliss of it, save that from time to time a single strand coiled about my throat like a living thing and would have choked me had I not torn it off. The wish came to me that I might lie there forever, rocked in that mammoth cradle, lulled by the murmur of waters never-ceasing. Then, far off across that undulating plain, I saw a figure speeding toward me, and knew it was my love. At last she reached me, bent above me, looked into my face, flung herself upon me, calling my name and pressing warm kisses on my lips—kisses which I could not return, struggle as I might, for my lips seemed frozen into stone. I tried to throw my arms about her, but some mighty weight held them at my side. I tried to call her name, but my voice died in my throat. Then I knew that I was dead and a great calmness fell upon me. She would never know how I loved her! The thought stung me to fury. She must know; she should know! For her, I would burst the bonds of death itself! I fought against them desperately, desperately, every muscle strained to breaking—

I opened my eyes to see a face bending over me—the face of my dream. Very near she sat—so near that I could feel the sweet warmth of her body—and she was bathing my face and neck with the cool water from the brook. How good it felt—like the hand of God Himself! I saw that she had filled a bottle with it, and guessing the wish I had not strength to utter, she held it to my lips and gave me a long draught.

It sent new life through me. The pain of swallowing was as nothing to the delight it gave me. I lay still a moment looking up at her, then I sat erect unsteadily.

"What is it?" I asked hoarsely. "What has happened to me?"

"Then you are not dead!" she cried. "Then you are going to live! Oh, thank God!"

"Dead!" I repeated in amazement. "No—nor like to be!"

Then my eyes fell upon an object at my feet and in a flash I remembered. I sat for a moment looking down at that huddled shape, touched here and there into hideous distinctness by the rays of the moon.

"But even yet I do not understand," I said at last. "What killed him? A bolt from Heaven? God saves me for my vengeance then!"

She did not answer, only huddled her head into her arm and swayed forward, shaken by a convulsive shuddering.

I leaned down and looked at the body. Was it blasted, shrivelled as in a furnace? Had I really been saved by God's intervention? And how else, I asked myself; what less than a miracle could have saved me?

The body was lying on its face, and as I stared down at it, I fancied I saw something protruding from the back. I touched it—it was the handle of a knife. I drew it forth, not without some effort, and recognized the knife as mine—Rasdeloup's—the knife I had used to cut the bread—the knife I had left lying in the hollow beside the bottles. Then I understood.

"You!" I cried, staring at the bowed figure. "You!"

She did not answer, only sat and shivered, her head in her arms.

"You!" I said again. "It was you who saved me!"

She raised her head and looked at me.

"I saw—that—he—was—choking—you," she gasped. "God—guided my hand—to the knife," and she held it up and looked at it with a kind of horror.

I caught the hand and drew it to my lips.

"Mademoiselle," I said hoarsely, "I loved you before—I reverence you now. But where is the other? I thought there were two of them."

"There were," she answered. "The other tried to stab you, but you struck him and he fled."

I started up in alarm.

"Then must we flee, too, and instantly," I cried. "He will return and bring others with him. "Come," and I raised her to her feet.

"But are you strong enough?" she asked.

"Strong enough? I am strong as Hercules—why should I not be, since joy gives me strength? Come!"

Then I remembered her ragged shoes. What hope of escape was there when our flight must be at a snail's pace?

"Come," I repeated, and held out my arms.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, looking at me darkly.

"I am to carry you, you know, until we reach the road. That is already settled, so we need not waste time arguing it over again!"

"Indeed!" she retorted. "But that was under different circumstances. Besides, we are not going toward the road, are we?"

"No," I admitted, "we are going straight up this hill."

"Very well," she said. "Then our agreement is at an end, and I refuse to reconsider. It is you who are wasting time."

I saw she was immovable, and a mad impulse seized me to snatch her up despite her protests; to overpower her resistance. . . . .

Then my glance fell upon the body. In an instant I had dropped beside it and was pulling the rude strong shoes from its feet.

"What are you doing?" she gasped, staring down at me.

"Sit here beside me," I commanded, my heart beating triumphantly; and, as she obeyed, still staring, I pulled off my own shoes and slipped them over hers. Worn in that way, they fitted as well as could be desired—they would at least protect her from the roughness of the road until better ones could be found. Then I stuffed the dead man's shoes with grass until they fitted my own feet snugly.

"Now," I said, "we are ready to be off," and I sprang to my feet and drew her after me.

"You are a most ingenious man, M. de Tavernay," she commented. "I am ready," and she followed me up the hill and through a thicket of underbrush which crowned its summit.

Not a moment too soon, for as we paused to look back before starting downward, we saw a score of torches advancing up the valley toward the spot which we had left. Evidently, there was to be no chance of failure this time.

"Come," I said, and caught her hand.

The slope was free from underbrush and fairly smooth.

"A race!" she cried, her eyes dancing and a moment later we arrived breathless at the bottom.

Here there was a wall of stone. We rested a moment on top of it, then I helped her down into the narrow, rutted road beyond. It ran, as nearly as I could judge, east and west, and turning our faces westward, we hurried along it, anxious to put all chance of capture far behind.

The night was sweet and clear, and my heart sang with the very joy of living. I felt strong, vigorous, ready to face any emergency. My recent encounter had left no souvenir more serious than a tender throat, and as I thought of it, I wondered again at the resolution which had nerved that soft and delicate arm to drive the blade home in the back of my antagonist. She, too, had proved herself able to meet a crisis bravely, and to rise to whatever heroism it demanded.

Ah, if she only loved me! I might yet find some way to evade with honor the unwelcome match my father had arranged for me. But she did not; so there was an end of that. I must go on to the end, even as I had promised. But it was a bitter thing!

"Why that profound, sigh, M. de Tavernay?" asked my comrade, looking up at me with dancing eyes, quite in her old manner. "Surely we are in no present danger?"

"I was thinking not of the present but of the future, mademoiselle," I answered.

"You think, then, that danger lies before us?"

"Undoubtedly."

"But why cross the bridge till we come to it?"

"Because," I answered, "since the bridge must be crossed, it is as well to do it now as any time."

"But perhaps it may be avoided—one can never tell."

"No," I said gloomily, "it is a destiny not to be escaped.

"You frighten me!" she cried, but when I glanced at her, she looked anything but frightened. "What is it that awaits us? Let me know the worst!"

"It was of myself I was speaking," I explained.

"Another instance of your selfishness! Are you going to face the enemy and bid me run away? Depend upon it, I shall think twice before obeying."

"This is an enemy which you will never be called upon to face, mademoiselle. I was thinking of that moment—a moment not far distant—when I have placed you in the hands of your friends and must bid you adieu."

"To turn your face southward toward Poitiers? Inconstant man! I did not think you so eager!"

"No, mademoiselle; I turn back to Dange, as you know, on an errand of vengeance, and then—"

"To Poitiers on an errand of love. To the hero his reward!"

"Say rather on an errand of duty," I corrected.

"It will become an errand of love also, once you have seen the lady—what is her name?"

"No matter," I said shortly, and strode on in silence.

M. de Tavernay," she said, in a provoking voice, keeping pace with me, "I should like to make you a wager."

"What is it?" I asked, none too gently.

"That my prediction will come true," she answered, laughing. "That you will fall madly in love with her, and, once you have safely married her, will remember this youthful passion only with a smile. Come, the stake shall be anything you like!"

This time I was thoroughly angry. Even if she did not love me, she had no right to wound me, to stab me deliberately, maliciously, with a smile on her lips. She had no right to draw amusement from my sufferings, to torture me just for the pleasure of watching my torment. So I quickened my pace and strode on in silence, my hands clenched, trying to stifle the pain at my heart.

A touch on my arm aroused me.

"Ciel!" gasped a voice, and I turned to see my companion still at my side, indeed, but spent and breathless. "Did you fancy these shoes of yours were seven-league boots?" she questioned, when she could speak. "Or did you desire to abandon me out here in this wilderness?"

"It would be no more than you deserve!" I retorted; then, as I remembered how fast I had been walking and pictured her uncomplaining struggle to keep pace with me, I relented. "Pardon me," I said, humbly. "I am a brute. Come; sit here in the shadow of this tree and rest. We are beyond danger of pursuit—besides, no one can see us here."

She permitted he to lead her to the shadow and sat down. I leaned against the tree and stared moodily along the road.

"What is it, monsieur?" she asked at last. ""Still brooding on the future?"

"No, mademoiselle," I answered; "since it must be endured, I shall waste no more thought on it."

"That is wise," she commended. "That is what I have advised from the first. Besides, you should remember it is when troubles are approaching that they appear most terrible."

"A thousand thanks," I said drily. "You are no doubt right."

"And then," she added. "One grows morbid when one thinks too much of one's self."

"It was not wholly with myself I was occupied this time," I said; "or, at least, with myself in relation to you. I was thinking how unfit I am to take care of you; how little I merit the trust which M. le Comte reposed in me when he gave you into my keeping. I permit you to limp along behind me with bruised and wounded feet until you sink exhausted; I lead two scoundrels, whose pursuit I had foreseen, straight to your hiding place, and would have perished but for your courage and address; I stride along at top speed until you are ready to die of fatigue. I show myself a fool, a boor, and yet expect you to feel some kindness for me. Mademoiselle, hereafter you will command this expedition; I am merely your servant; I am at your orders."

"Very well," she responded instantly, "I accept. My first order is that you sit here beside me," and she patted the spot with her hand.

"A soldier does not sit in the presence of his commander," I protested.

"What! Rebellion already," she cried. "A fine beginning, truly!"

I sat down, a little giddy at this unexpected kindness.

"And now," she continued severely, "You will repeat after me the following words: 'Mademoiselle de Chambray'—"

"Mademoisells de Chambray—"

"'I know you are only a silly girl'—"

"I know nothing of the sort," I protested.

"Will you obey my orders, M. de Tavernay, or will you not?" she inquired sternly.

"No one can be compelled to perjure himself," I answered doggedly.

"Nor shall I compel you to do so. We will continue, then; 'I know you are only a silly girl, yet even a silly girl should hesitate to do a friend a malicious injury. Nevertheless I will forgive you, for I see how you yourself regret it and I am too generous to strike back, even though you deserve it.'"

I looked down at her and saw that there were indeed tears in the eyes which she turned up to me.

She held out her hand, with a little tremulous smile.

"Will you not forgive me, my friend?" she asked.

I seized her hand and covered it with kisses.

"I adore you!" I cried. "Covered it with kisses.

"I adore you!"

And I would have asked nothing better, nothing sweeter, than to die there at her feet, with her warm hand in mine and her eyes enfolding me in a lambent flame which raised me to a height that kings might envy.

For, in that instant, I knew that she loved me.

(To Be Continued.)

Young Sarah Bernhardt.

Having seen Sarah Bernhardt a second time as Joan of Arc, I am more than ever convinced that she had never a finer role, or a role to which she did more ample justice. It is true that one cannot remain forever young, even on the stage; but La Divine shows less than any artist that she is no longer 25. Her voice is as young and as clear as if she really had the 19 years of this peasant girl of Domrey. And how tender and emotional she is, especially in the prison scene! There is hardly a dry eye in the house when the Angelus sounds and Joan calls upon her "saints" and "voices" for forgiveness. Moreau, too, was certainly inspired when he wrote this beautiful play; his is almost the Sardouesque genius for dramatizing history. At the end of the third act I found "Mme. Sarah" (as she is affectionately called by the personnel of the theater) in her beautiful boudoir at the back of the stage. She was holding a little reception there. Two women who looked like simple couturieres, pressed into her hand a present. It was a touching ceremony. La Bernhardt, with innate charm and grace, accepted the humble homage to her genius. Untiring as ever, the great artist is now directing rehearsals every afternoon of her own play at the Theater des Arts, and in the evening impersonating the Maid.—Paris correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette."

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-five years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

SHE QUIT

But It Was a Hard Pull.

It is hard to believe that coffee will put a person in such a condition as it did an Ohio woman. She tells her own story:

"I did not believe coffee caused my trouble, and frequently said I liked it so well I would not, and could not quit drinking it, but I was a miserable sufferer from heart trouble and nervous prostration for four years.

"I was scarcely able to be around, had no energy, and did not care for anything. Was emaciated and had a constant pain around my heart until I thought I could not endure it. For months I never went to bed expecting to get up in the morning. I felt as though I was liable to die any time.

"Frequently I had nervous chills and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally one time it came over me and I asked myself what's the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I could indulge myself in coffee?

"So I thought I would see if I could quit drinking coffee and got some Postum to help me quit. I made it strictly according to directions and I want to tell you that change was the greatest step in my life. It was easy to quit coffee because I had the Postum which I now like better than the old coffee.

"One by one the old troubles left, until now I am in splendid health, nerves steady, heart all right and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills, don't take any medicine, can do all my housework and have done a great deal beside."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

FREE BOOK ABOUT CANCER.

THE LEACH SANATORIUM, of Indianapolis, Ind., has published a book on cancer, which gives interesting facts about the cause of cancer; tells what to do in case of pain, bleeding, odor, etc., instructs in the care of the patient, and is in fact a valuable guide in the management of any case. The book is sent free to those interested who write for it, mentioning this paper.

THE FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some reader of Farmstead please give a recipe to stop the hair from falling off around the ears of cattle?—C., Stocksville, N. C.

I have a 6-year-old mare that sprained her ankle about 18 months ago. She cannot stand on her foot at all. It is slightly swollen and the joint is stiff. I have done everything I can think of without beneficial results. Will some reader tell me what is the best thing to do for her? —H., Valparaiso, Ind.

Will somebody please tell me what process butter is, and how it is made?—D., Athens, Ohio.

Will some Farmstead reader please tell me how to clean a chimney from top to bottom, and also how to keep it clean?—T., Owego, N. P.

INK STAINS

To take ink stains out of corduroy trousers, soak them in new sweet milk, rubbing occasionally until the stains come out; then wash in hot soapsuds, rinse in several waters and dry without wringing.—T., Owego, N. Y.

MANGE

Somebody wanted a remedy for mange. Sulphur and lard, equal parts, mixed thoroughly and applied to the sore is a sure and safe remedy. I have used it many times on both cats and dogs, and know it to be just the thing. Frequently one application is sufficient.—S., Edwardsburg, Mich.

RINGBONE SPAVIN

For ringbone spavin splints and all such growths use ember oil once a day for three days, then miss three days. Do this until nine applications have been made. I have had to make the second application to effect a cure. It will take the hair off, but will leave no mark. It is all right to apply a little grease after all applications.—Z., Columbia City, Ind.

FOR CLEANING ANGORA ROBES

To clean angora robes take one quart of warm water, two tablespoonfuls of ammonia; wet a rag with this and rub the robe well and let it dry. If thatdoes not clean it wet a cloth in gasoline and do the same.—C.

CAT FITS

Some one wanted a remedy for a cat that had fits. They said it got no meat. It is not meat that causes fits. Give it meat scraps, but do not let it have cheese.—C.

KILLING LICE ON STOCK

Ed. Farmstead: Tell B., Heating, W. Va., to mix a little grease with some coal oil, and with the hand rub it along the backbone of his cattle, from horns to tail. Let the ointment extend down to the knees and grease keeps the hair from falling out. This treatment will kill lice on all stock.—M., New Richmond, Ind.

CARE OF RASPBERRIES

When the canes of raspberries reach a hight of about 20 inches, pinch off the tip ends. This will cause them to grow stocky and throw out many branches, affordinge more bearing wood. Do this every year. In the spring prune the branches to about two feet in length, and, after the berries are picked, cut out all the old canes. For winter protection, where necessary, bend the canes down and cover with earth.

FOOD SPOILING

In the buying, storing and handling of food it is important that we realize the causes of what is called the spoiling of food, says the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean. And the knowledge that the spoiling is due to yeasts, molds and bacteria is comparatively recent.

Countless numbers of tiny living things called micro-organisms are everywhere found, which will grow in the food man has prepared for his own use, and cause it to spoil. These microscopic plants flourish in the kitchen, storeroom, ice box, milkroom and cellar. The bulk of these minute forms of life are harmless, under usual conditions; some are useful, like those which ripen milk, and many are harmful, as they cause waste or may be a direct cause of disease.

Not only do yeasts, molds and bacteria appropriate our own food, with the result that it sours, rots or putrifies, but they sometimes leave behind disagreeable substances, like the musty and moldy odor and flavor of some spoiled foods, or the substances called ptomaines, which are sometimes poisonous.

Not until millions of yeast cells are massed together do they become visible to the eye, as in the compressed yeast cake. Yeast plants are practically everywhere, and are of many varieties, some being called wild yeasts, in distinction from those we have learned to cultivate for the making of bread. The old-fashioned method of making milk rising or salt rising bread depended on wild yeast falling into dough and causing the bread to rise, a method not always successful, because other organisms, the bacteria, also had a chance at the dough, and sometimes got the better of the yeast in the struggle for food, and the result was that their life in the dough made sour or bitter bread.

HAND SEPARATOR USEFUL

When farm separators were introduced the creamery men objected to them; but it is not the fault of the separator, it is because the creamery men do not want to handle the small amount of cream from one farmer or a few; they have to test differently, but they are glad enough to have a large quantity of cream. There was a creamery in our county that was bitterly opposed to the farm separator, but the farmers put them in and he saw he had to come to it. Then he turned in and encouraged the hand separator business, and it was but two or three years before every one of his patrons had separators and he saw he could make butter so much cheaper that he went to work and hired a teamster and paid him about 1 cent a pound to haul the cream. I think the coming way for the creamery business is the hand-separator system. The time is coming when every man that owns a plow will have a separator of some size.—L. P. Martiny, Wisconsin.

CARE OF POULTRY

Don't be misled by the idea that you have got to cross breed in order to get winter eggs. The record has and will be held by thoroughbreds.

If you notice a sick foul in the flock remove it immediately, as it may be coming down with some contagious disease. It is better to check an outbreak than to administer a remedy later.

No breed is better than another; its different, that's all. You can decidedly improve the laying characteristics of your flock through feeding and careful selection of breeding stock.

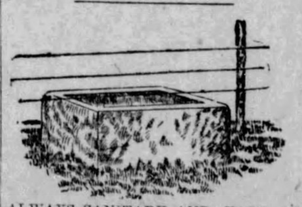
Never feed the laying fowls cotten or musty food; it is very apt to cause some digestive derangement and besides influences the flavor of the eggs.

Droopishness among the fowls is often caused from roosting in damp houses. If our fowls appear cold and droopyish change the litter underfoot and use some absorbent in the house.

The coming months are the ones that should tell the whole story of profit or loss. The pullets should by this time be ready to go to laying and the old hens through moulting. Give them all the best of care from now on.

One of the poorest ways in all the wide world to get eggs is to trust to the weather. There is nothing in good luck when it comes to dealing with the hen.

Every poultryman should be very thoughtful in regard to the care of his fowls. He should study their nature and endeavor to make them comfortable and happy.



ALWAYS SANITARY AND EASY OF ACCESS.

A concrete tank that supplies two fields. Concrete is being used more extensively every year on the farm.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

The Veterinary Disposes of Troubles for the Busy Reader.

Dr. A. S. Alexander.
Wisconsin College of Agriculture.

I read somewhere that carbolic acid will prevent abortion in cows, but I have lost the paper. Now I would like to try the acid and would be glad to know how to use it for a number of cows that have been more or less affected with the disease. Any information you can give will be appreciated and may also help other readers.—Subscriber, Wisconsin.

Reply—Carbolic acid is much used as a preventive of contagious abortion, but it cannot be guaranteed to effect this perfectly. The British way of using it is popular and as follows: Dilute one dessertspoonful of pure carbolic acid with water and mix this amount in the feed each other evening during each other fortnight of pregnacy, commencing about the end of the second month and continuing until the end of the sixth or seventh month of pregnancy. At the same time the external genitals of each pregnant cow should be sprayed or sponged every day with a 2 per cent solution of coal tar dip or disinfectant. Isolate cows that have aborted. Keep unbred heifers apart from affected or exposed cows. The sheath of the herd bull has to be disinfected before and after each service. Carbolic acid may also be used as a 3 per cent solution made up with glycerine and water and injected under the skin of the cow's neck or back of shoulder once ever ten days or two weeks during pregnancy. The dose of the mixture is two drams. It is used by means of a hypodermic syringe and hollow needle.

Tumor.

We have a calf eight months old with a knot of some kind growing on the side of the neck just in front of shoulder. It somewhat resembles a wart, but is smooth with some hair growing on it. When first noticed in June it was about the size of a walnut; now it is as large as a teacup. No treatment has been given except splitting it open, thinking it might contain matter. It just showed an angry, red interior and bled very little. It seems to be just in the hide. Answer in next issue of Farm Magazine.—J. H., Missouri.

Reply—It would be best to have the tumor cleanly dissected out and the wound cauterized. A veterinary should be employed to operate. We cannot, however, guarantee that it will not return, for in our experience such tumors sometimes have proved malignant or cancerous and not only grow in again, but are accompanied by numbers of other tumors of the same sort on different parts of the body and also inside the animal. Such tumors are termed "metastatic." If you cannot have the operation performed, then saturate the growth with glacial acetic acid once daily and after a time tell us how it is getting on.

WORMS GOOD FOR SOIL

They Exercise Earth and Therefore Are Helpful to Fine Crops.

Just as when his horse is ailing, the owner calls in a veterinarian, so in these days do the farmers of the country consult a "soil doctor" when their lands prove less fruitful than they deem they should. Much of this work is the result of experiments conducted by the federal department of agriculture, and the work thus far accomplished has been most satisfactory.

While it may seem absurd to advise a farmer to "exercise" his land, yet this advice is often just what is needed in a particular case. A field which will hardly produce a crop to pay for the harvesting, and which the old time "soil doctors" may have pronounced in need of treatment with chemicals to restore its vitality, has frequently been tested and found to contain, per acre, in the top eight inches of its depth alone, say some 4,000 pounds of nitrogen, 6,000 pounds of phosphoric acid and 20,000 pounds of potash—the very physic that has been ordered for it! In other words, what the land needed was "exercise and fresh air," as the experts sometimes put it.

The soil of a field may be said to exercise itself, in a way, for it is constantly on the move. To express it differently, attention may be called to the fact that, as everyone knows, the surface of the earth is very slowly, but constantly, changing its shape, owing to the action of rain and frost. But the farmer's field and the gardener's bed are "on the go," albeit invisibly, for other reasons as well as these. To begin with, the soil itself is a sort of chemical laboratory, in which myriads of atoms and particles are endlessly combining and separating. Then, secondly, there is the movement of the soil caused by insects, visible and invisible. Ants, for example, were shown by an investigator to have brought to the surface of a four-acre meadow enough fine soil yearly to cover the whole area a fifth of an inch deep—an extraordinary example of unaided and unasked for measuring. Worms, too, cause an incredible movement in soil, from which they extract their nourishment. Twenty-five to fifty thousand worms in an acre of land pass through their bodies 10 tons of soil.

Common soil contains as many as 400,000,000 separate particles to the ounce, and between all these are infinitely thin layers of what the modern soil doctor calls "film water." It is on this film water, not on the soil itself, that plants feed, for it dissolves from the earth particles the food which the plants require to keep them well. The plants feed, too, on air—not only the air above the surface of the earth, but that which permeates the minute cracks between the earth particles. Ninety per cent. of any crop taken off a field comes, not from the soil of that field, but from the air above and in it.

Water, however, is the most important medium which the soil doctor knows. The amount of water needed to grow one ton of common hay has been calculated to be sufficient to cover a one-acre field more than a foot deep. Fortunately for the farmer, even the driest soil, when compressed, is discovered to contain more than half its own weight of film water. Too much water in the soil is as bad as too little, for if the soil is water logged the crop will get "drowned" as surely as a man can be drowned in any body of water.—Philadelphia Record.

FREE TO MEN

Test Proof of $6.00 Treatment

Here Is My Good-Will Offer to Afflicted Men.

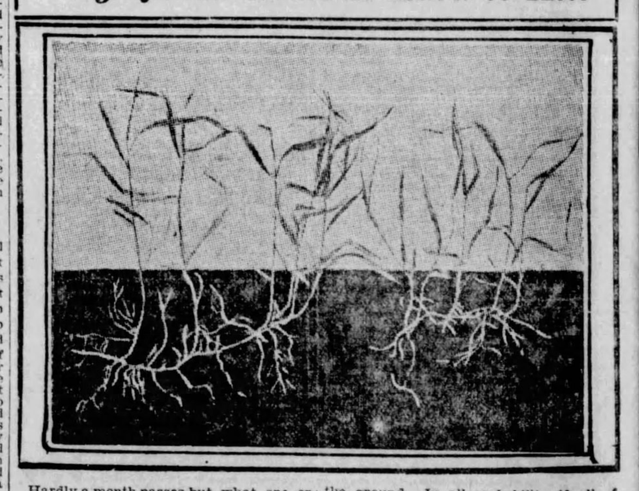
I am going to send to you—no matter whether you are young, middle-aged or elderly—a proof package of my recognized $6.00 Treatment for Men, to prove its value in all cases of impaired vitality, weakened manhood, nervous debility, failing memory or atrophy, and in giving back to you the vigor, activity, voluntary energy, physical development and usefulness intended by Nature to go with normal, healthy manhood. It makes no difference whether the cause of failure be from early ignorance and indulgences, or the results of disease and neglect, your progress toward final and complete restoration will be the same.

I might boast that this treatment of mine is the greatest, grandest, most glorious boon to weak men, ever discovered, but I prefer to point with pride and thankfulness to more than twenty-five thousand men of all ages, from all stations in life, who have tested its virtues for the upbuilding of their nervous and manly energies and the return of exuberant health and vitality.

Nature's greatest gift to you, is your own Manhood. Of what avail are wealth, or position, or advancement unless you can stand before the world and in your home a vigorous, manly man. I offer you free and now a means whereby you may feel again the pride, the hopes and the joys of true manhood.

Write today—write now for Test Proof of $6.00 Treatment, which will be sent Free, in plain, sealed package. Simply send a description of your trouble and 10c to cover postage on the treatment in a sealed letter to Franklin Ford, 1062 Ford Block, Jackson Mich.

Why Quack Grass Is Hard to Kill



Hardly a month passes but what one or more readers write asking for an easy way to kill quack grass. The sum and substance of the whole matter is that there is no easy way of getting rid of this pest. The man who is unfortunate enough to have his farm more or less sprinkled with quack grass will simply have to dig it out, root and branch, in order to exterminate the plant.

Reference to the accompanying illustrations will show why quack grass is hard to kill. The principal portion of the plant below the surface is the root-stalk, which sends up shoots at more or less regular intervals. These root-stalks continue extending in all directions and keep continuing to send up shoots above the ground. In all probability if all of the plant with the exception of two inches of the root-stalk were removed from the ground the chances are that this single bit of stalk would have sufficient vitality to send up another shoot and thus begin its habit of increasing and spreading.

There is no way of killing quack grass except by thorough system of cultivation, which prevents any appearance of it above the surface. Preferably the ground should be kept bare of any crop for the first year at least, and be cultivated every once in 10 days. A wet year is more favorable for the extermination of quack grass, because the root-stalks are stimulated to greater growth and thus tend to exhaust more quickly the starchy content that furnishes life. — Prairie Farmer.

AGENTS HERE IT IS 200% PROFIT

Agents Coining Money

Thousands being sold. Great big money getter for agents. Handy Automatic Flame Fastener. No straps—no buckles—no chains—no freezing of fingers in cold weather. A square deal offer. Horsemen stop—look—listen—buy one—then a dozen. Agents writes, "Hurry up my order—sold out first day." Cary says,

LOW FARES SOUTHWEST

Talk with the rice growers of Arkansas.

Hear from them *direct* what fortunes they are making. S. H. Taggart of Stuttgart, made $4500 *net* from 70 acres. J. P. Rich made $6017 net from 93 acres. *Not one man has failed.* So *sure* are the yields that some owners give raw land for the *first* crop.

Rice lands that can be bought *now* for $25 per acre and equipped for $25 more, will bring $50 per acre net yearly. Illinois corn lands bringing $17.50 net are selling for $125 per acre *You* can figure what these rice lands will *soon* sell for. *Today* is the time to buy Your name and address on this coupon will bring you *just what you want to know.*

MAIL IT TODAY to

L. O. SCHAEFER, T. P. A., 616 Traction Terminal Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Send me your booklets and full facts:

(name)_____

(address)_____

Plan now to go on the next excursion. Don't delay your trip until the opportunites there are *gone.* The cheap, fertile lands will *soon* be *high.* The *big* chances will *soon* be *taken.* Take advantage *now* of the low fares Southwest via Cotton Belt Route on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month. You'll have 25 days to look around and can stop over going and returning. The Cotton Belt operates two daily trains Southwest with through sleepers and chair cars.

Don't fail to stop off at Stuttgart to see the rice fields.

Nearly Chicken-Hearted.

A western member of the house of presentatives who returned to Washington yesterday was the subject last inter of one of the best wittcisms er got off in the house. This member d done a lot of talking about reting against the power of Cannon d of voting always with the insurants. As a result of his militant remarks he had come to be reckoned as one of the prize "rebels."

When the showdown came, however, he was found voting with the Cannon organization.

"That fellow," remarked a southern member, "is, I should say, chickenhearted."

"Well," put in another member, "I wouldn't go that far. But I do think he's got feathers on his legs."

MAMMOTH WHISKEY OFFER

that is making the Maycliffe Co. most popular in the world.

Because, without a doubt, it is an offer, quality and quantity considered, that has never before been equalled by any whiskey concern in the world.

4	FULL QUART BOTTLES Mellow Springs Whiskey	$2.25
8	FULL QUART BOTTLES Mellow Springs Whiskey	$4.25
12	FULL QUART BOTTLES Mellow Springs Whiskey	$6.25
24	FULL QUART BOTTLES Mellow Springs Whiskey	$12.25

Think of it! On the 12-quart order this fine, Aged in Bond whiskey for only 52 cents a quart.

We are making this unheard of offer solely for the purpose of introducing **Mellow Springs Whiskey.** We know that once a customer tries our goods he will always remain a permanent customer of our reliable house. You can't better the best.

Mellow Springs is a pure **straight whiskey** of full strength and exquisite flavor. It is not a cheap, fiery-tasting blend, compound or mixture so much of which is sold now-a-days under the name of whiskey. We guarantee it. We give you the privilege to test it in any way you like, and if you don't consider this the **biggest whiskey bargain** you ever had you may return what you have not used and we will promptly refund your money. Be one of our 100,000 new customers. Get the best and most for your money.

Maycliffe Dist. Co., 269 S. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

12 FULL BOTTLES 100 Proof Lackland Whiskey $4.80 Express Prepaid

SEND us $4.80 and we will send you, express prepaid, 12 full 16-ounce bottles of 100-proof straight LACKLAND KENTUCKY WHISKEY.

This special offer is made for the purpose of acquainting you with the merits of LACKLAND Whiskey. If we did not believe that each order we fill means more regular patrons for LACKLAND Whiskey, we could not afford to make this offer.

LACKLAND Whiskey is **pure, wholesome and mellow;** every drop is real whiskey, with the right flavor to it. You CAN'T get a better whiskey. It is straight **100-proof,** *guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law.* It is highly recommended for medicinal purposes on account of its purity and full strength.

LACKLAND Whiskey is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction. You may try any bottle, and if it does not come up to your fullest expectation return the other eleven and we will promptly refund the money. All shipments made the same day order is received. Make remittance by Postal or Express Money Order, or St. Louis or New York Exchange, payable to

Lackland Dist. Co., Dept. 80 ST. LOUIS, MO.

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Purity and age guarantee Good Whiskey. Rieger's Monogram is absolutely pure and wholesome. **Guaranteed** by and **under the Pure Food Laws.** Its exquisite, smooth, mellow flavor has made it a lasting favorite with over 100,000 satisfied customers. We are U. S. Registered Distillers (Distillery No. 269, 5th Dist., of Ky.). Why pay exhorbitant prices, when you can buy Rieger's Monogram Whiskey at the regular wholesale dealer's price, and save money by ordering your goods shipped direct

We Prepay All Express Charges

8 Qts. Rieger's Monogram PRIVATE STOCK	$5.00	FREE WITH EACH ORDER
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Send us an order and whem you get the Whiskey, test it for flavor, smoothness and all the essentials of GOOD Whiskey. Compare it with other Whiskies (no matter what the price); test it for medicinal purposes; let your friends try it; use half of it if necessary to satisfy yourself on these points—then if you are not thoroughly convinced that "Rieger's Monogram" is as good or better than any Whiskey you ever drank, return the balance to us and we will pay return charges and at once send you every cent of your money.

J. RIEGER & CO., 1541 Genesee St., Kansas City, Mo.

1 Full Quart Whiskey FREE

Try It At Our Expense

We Prepay Express Charges

There are all sorts of claims for superiority among distillers and Mail Order Whiskey Houses, and while we feel sure that our Fels 8-Star Whiskey can't be beat, or even equaled in quality, or price, still we are not going to ask anyone to risk their money on our judgment; therefore, we are going to give, absolutely free, one full quart bottle to test. We want you to prove, by drinking it, that Fels 8-Star Whiskey is pure, wholesome, fully aged, mellow as can be and above all has *real whiskey* strength. We want you to add half water to it if you like and we say that you will still have stronger and better whiskey than most Mail Order Houses sell at our price. Anyone can easily understand that should we just send out bottles of whiskey free that we would be flooded with requests by some unscrupulous people and dealers and lay ourselves open to a fearful onslaught. This we cannot do, but nevertheless, the bottle is free to honest people. Now here is our proposition:

We will send you one full quart bottle of Fels 8-Star Whiskey, absolutely free, along with your first order for 8 full quart bottles of Fels 8-Star Whiskey for $8.45 and we pay the express charges. After you receive the 9 full quart bottles, open one of them, test it anyway you like and if not entirely satisfactory, you have the privilege of returning to us the remaining 8 bottles and the one extra bottle you may keep free and we will immediately return your $8.45. Or send us $2.95 for 4 full quart bottles of Fels 8-Star Whiskey, express prepaid, and we will include one test bottle free. Test the free bottle and if not absolutely satisfactory and the best whiskey you ever tasted at any price just return to us the 4 bottles and keep the free bottle and we will refund your $2.95 without question or argument. With each order we give a free Gold Tipped Glass and Patent Corkscrew. Remember, we say we pay the express charges, look close before you permit some of the low prices of Mail Order Houses to get your order and make you pay the express charges.

We mean to prove superiority in the whiskey business, we mean to prove at our expense, by giving a free test bottle, that Fels 8-Star Whiskey has no equal. Our quart bottles are full 32-ounce quarts and not short quarts and we guarantee every statement we make and back them with our paid up capital of $400,000.00. If you want real whiskey and not weak watery concoctions, send us your remittance on our free test proposition. The taste is the test, that will prove more than we can write. Address order and letters and make remittances payable to **A. Fels, Mgr.** or

Fels Distilling Co.

154 Fels Building Kansas City, Mo.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

RULERS OF ENGLAND

Please give the names of the rulers of England, with the dates of their reigns.—A. B. P., Trinway, O.

The rulers of England, from William the Conqueror to the present monarch, are as follows: The Norman kings are William the Conqueror, 1066 to 1087; George I., 1714 to 1727; eGorge II., 1727 to 1135; Stephen, 1135 to 1154.

The Plantagenet kings are Henry II., 1154 to 1189; Richard I., 1189 to 1199; John, 1199 to 1216; Henry III., 1216 to 1272; Edward I., 1272 to 1307; Edward II., 1307 to 1327; Edward III., 1327 to 1377, and Richard II., 1377 to 1399.

The Lancaster kings are Henry IV., 1399 to 1413; Henry V., 1413 to 1422, and Henry VI., 1422 to 1461.

Edward IV., 1461 to 1483; Edward V., 1483, and Richard III., 1483 to 1485, are the York kings.

The House of Tudor began with Henry VII. and is as follows: Henry VII., 1485 to 1509; Henry VIII., 1509 to 1547; Edward VI., 1547 to 1553; Mary I., 1553 to 1558, and Elizabeth, 1558 to 1603.

Then came the Stuarts with James I., 1603 to 1625, and Charles I., 1625 to 1649.

The commonwealth had two lord protectors in Oliver Cromwell, 1653 to 1658, and Richard Cromwell from 1658 to 1659.

The house of Stuart was then restored with Charles II., 1660 to 1685; James II., 1685 to 1688, William III. and Mary II., 1689 to 1702, though Mary died in 1694; and Anne, 1702 to 1714.

The house of Hanover next came to power with the following rulers: George I., 1714 to 1727; George II., 1727 to 1760; George III., 1760 to 1820; George IV., 1820 to 1830; William IV., 1830 to 1837, and Victoria, 1837 to 1901.

The present house is that of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, with Edward VII. on the throne.

DAVID CROCKETT

Please give a sketch of the life of David Crockett.—E. A. K., Iroquois, S. D.

David Crockett was born on the Nolachucky river, Tennessee, August 17, 1786; died in Texas, March 6, 1836. His father kept a tavern on the road to Knoxville. He fled from home because of a quarrel with the schoolmaster on his fourth day subsisting chiefly by hunting. In 1813 he served in the Creek war under General Jackson. He then settled at Shoal Creek. He served in the state legislature, and in 1827 was elected to congress. In Washington his rough manners and coarse speech gained him notoriety. In 1829 he was re-elected, and in 1831, as he had then became an opponent of Jackson, and the latter was irresistible in Tennessee, Crockett went to Texas, which was fighting against Mexico for her independence, and was one of the six survivors of the Alamo, and was shot after his surrender by the Mexicans.

FLORIDA

Will you please tell what you can of the climatic conditions of the state of Florida?—H. L. S., Sciota, Fla.

The soil of Florida is sandy and in the southern and eastern parts of the state there are many lakes and bayous, making the region full of swamps. There are no prolonged and severe winters in Florida and also no great ranges of temperature. The dry season is in the fall and winter, when the rainfall ranges from 6 to 8 inches. In the summer it ranges from 18 to 20 inches. The normal mean temperature for January is from 60 to 70 degrees, and in July 80 degrees and above. The hottest months, June, July and August, have their greatest heat tempered by frequent showers.

THOMAS A. EDISON

What can you tell of Edison and his inventions?—E. M. J., Pocomoke City, Md.

Thomas Alva Edison, the American electrician and inventor, was born in Milan, Ohio, February 11, 1847. His family moved to Port Huron, Mich., when Edison was seven years old. Not being able to attend school Edison began to work as a newsboy on a railroad line. During his leisure hours he experimented with telegraph instruments and printing presses. In 1862 young Edison bought a small hand press and published a weekly newspaper known as the Grand Trunk Herald. His office was an abandoned freight car where he continued his mechanical experiments. He later became a telegraph operator at Mt. Clemens. Though brilliant and rapid in his work his erratic conduct lost him several situations. His first invention was made in 1864, when he invented an automatic telegraph repeater. Soon after at Boston, Edison invented a commercial stock indicator, which he sold to New York capitalists for $40,000. This gave him funds to equip an extensive laboratory for his work. In 1876 his health failed and he gave up his manufacturing confining his labor to investigation and invention. More than 300 patents have been issued on Edison's inventions. Some of his most important inventions are the phonograph, telephone for long distance transmission, the carbon telephone transmitter, the microtasimeter, the aerophone, megaphone, incandescent electric lamp, kinetoscope, and a storage battery for automobiles. In 1878 he was made chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French government, a commander of the Legion in 1889, and was the recipient of the insignia of a grand officer of the Crown of Italy bestowed the same year by King Humbert. In 1892 he received the Albert medal of the Society of Arts of Great Britain.

PETER THE GREAT

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Peter the Great of Russian?—T. M., Indian Springs, Ind.

Peter II. of Russia, surnamed the Great, was born in 1672, and died 1725. He was the son of Alexis and reigned jointly with his half-brother Ivan, 1682, and alone from 1696. In 1689 he freed himself from the regency of his sister Sophia. In 1696, during the war with Turkey, he captured Azoff from that nation, and then traveled in Germany, the Netherlands and Austria during that and the following year. In 1698 he put down a rebellion of the Strelitzi, and two years later took part in the Northern war which lasted for 21 years. While engaged in this war he was defeated by Charles XII. of Sweden at Narva, and was in turn the victor over the same monarch at Pultowa nine years later. In 1711 he was forced by the Turks to restore, by the treaty of Pruth. In 1721 he concluded the peace of Nystadt with Sweden, by which he obtained several provinces. Peter was the founder of St. Petersburg. He had trouble with his son, who was charged with treason and imprisoned by Peter. After the war with Sweden Peter engaged in a war with Persia, lasting for only one year, but which was successful. It was Peter who introduced western civilization into Russia and made it one of the great powers of the world.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S FIGHTS

Will you please give a sketch of the different fights John L. Sullivan was engaged in?—P. E. B., Mancelona, Mich.

In 1878 and 1879 Sullivan boxed Cocky Woods, Dan Dwyer, Tommy Chandler, Mike Donovan and Patsy Hogan.

His exhibition fights were with Joe Goss, Joe Coburn and James J. Corbett.

Sullivan has knocked out George Rooke, J. Donaldson, Fred Crossley, James Dalton, Jack Burns, Jimmy Elliott, Alex Marx, Dan Henry, William Fleming and Paddy Ryan.

He won the decision in his fights with Steve Taylor, Jim Flood, John McDermott, Charley Mitchell, Herbert A. Slade, Fred Robinson, George M. Robinson, Enos Phillips, John M. Laflin, Alf Greenfield, Jack Burke, Dom. McCaffrey, Frank Herald and Jake Kilrain.

He fought to a draw with Duncan Mcdonald, Patsy Cardiff and Charlie Mitchell. He was knocked out once by Jim Corbett, and there was no decision in his fight with Tom Sharkey. He failed to win over Tug Wilson in four rounds and the police stopped one of his fights with Paddy Ryan.

Three of his fights were with bare knuckles. In September, 1883, Sullivan started on a tour of the United Staves, lasting about nine months, offering $1,000 to anyone he could not defeat in four rounds. During that time he knocked out about 50 men.

NICKNAMES OF STATES

Will you please give a list of the nicknames of the states of the United States?—L. H., Jackson, O.

Here are the nicknames of the states, so far as we know them, also the nicknames of the people of the avrious states:

Alabama—Cotton—Lizards.
Arkansas—Bear—Toothpicks.
California—Golden—Gold Hunters.
Colorado—Centennial—Rovers.
Connecticut—Land of Steady Habits or Nutmeg—Wooden Nutmegs.
Delaware—Diamond or Blue Hen—Muskrats.
Florida — Peninsular — Fly-up-the-Creeks.
Georgia—Empire State of the South—Buzzards or Sandhillers.
Illinois—Prairie or Sucker—Suckers or Egyptians.
Indiana—Hoosier—Hoosiers.
Iowa—Hawkeye—Hawkeyes.
Kansas—Garden of the West—Jaw Breakers.
Kentucky—Corncracker, Blue Grass or Dark and Bloody Ground—Corncrackers or Red Horses.
Louisiana—Creole or Pelican—Creoles.
Maine—Lumber or Pine Tree—Foxes.
Maryland—Old Line—Crawthumpers.
Massachusetts—Baked Beans, Bay State or Old Colony—Beans.
Michigan—Lake or Wolverine—Wolverines.
Minnesota—North Star or Gopher—Gophers.
Mississippi—Bayou—Tadpoles.
Missouri—Puke or Iron—Pukes.
Nebraska—Blackwater—Bugeaters.
Nevada—Silver or Sage Brush—Sage Hens.
New Hampshire—Granite or Switzerland of America—Granite Boys.
New Jersey—Garden—Clam Catchers, Jersey Blues or Foreigners and Spaniards.
New York—Empire or Excelsior—Knickerbockers.
North Carolina—Old North or Turpentine—Tuckoes or Tarheels.
Ohio—Buckeye—Buckeyes.
Oregon—Webfoot Country or Beaver—Hard Cases or Web Feet.
Pennsylvania—Keystone — Pennanites or Leatherheads.
Rhode Island—Little Rhody—Gunflints.
South Carolina—Palmetto—Weasels, Sandhillers or Rice Birds.
Tennessee—Volunteer — Butternuts, Whelps or Mudheads.
Texas—Lone Star—Beefheads.
Vermont—Green Mountain — Green Mountain Boys.
Virginia—Mother of Presidents, Mother of States, Old Dominion, or Ancient Dominion—Beadles.
West Virginia—Switzerland of America—Panhandleites.
Wisconsin—Badger—Badgers.

MAELSTROM

Please give a description of Maelstrom.—G. P., Daleville, Miss.

Maelstrom, or Moskoe-strom, Norway, is a rapid current or tidal whirlpool off the northwest coast immediately southwest of Moskenesoe, the southernmost point of the Lofoten isles. The current runs with the tides alternately, six hours from north to south, and six hours from south to north, producing immense whirls. The depth of the water around, supposed at one time to be too great to admit of soundings, has been ascertained not to exceed 20 fathoms, with a bottom of rocks and white sand. Immediately to the west the soundings are from 100 to 200 fathoms. The whirlpool is greatest at high or low water. When the wind is northwest and opposed to the reflux of the waves it attains its greatest fury and becomes extremely dangerous, but in ordinary circumstances it may be traversed without difficulty.

SHERMAN ANTI-TRUST LAW

Please give the provisions of the Sherman act against the trusts.—W. W., Brownsville, Pa.

The Sherman act is as follows:

1. Every contract, combination in form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states or with foreign nations, is hereby declared to be illegal. Every person who shall make any such contract or engage in any such combination or conspiracy shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $5,000, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both said punishments, in the discretion of the court.

2. Every person who shall monopolize, or attempt to monopolize, or combine or conspire with any other person or persons to monopolize any part of the trade or commerce among the several states, or with foreign nations, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be punished by fine not exceeding $5,000, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both punishments, in the discretion of the court.

3. Every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce in any territory of the United States or of the District of Columbia, or in restraint of trade or commerce between any such territory or territories and any state or states and the District of Columbia, or with foreign nations, or between the District of Columbia and any state or states and foreign nations, is hereby declared illegal. Every person who shall make any such contract or engage in any such combination or conspiracy shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be punished by fine not exceeding $5,000, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both said punishments, in the discretion of the court.

4. The several circuit courts of the United States are hereby invested with jurisdiction to prevent and restrain any violations of this act, and it shall be the duty of the several district attorneys of the United States in their respective districts, under the direction of the attorney-general, to institute proceedings in equity to prevent and restrain such violations. Such proceedings may be by way of petitions setting forth the case and praying that such violation shall be enjoined or otherwise prohibited. When the parties complained of shall have been duly notified of such petition the court shall proceed as soon as may be to the hearing and determination of the case; and pending such petition, and before final decree, the court may at any time make such temporary restraining order or prohibition as shall be deemed just in the premises.

5. Whenever it shall appear to the court before which any proceedings under section 4 of this act may be pending, that the ends of justice require that other parties should be brought before the court, the court may cause them to be summoned, whether they reside in the district in which the court is held or not; and subpoenas to that end may be served in any district by the marshal thereof.

6. Any property owned under any contract or by any combination, or purchased to any conspiracy (and being the subject thereof mentioned in section 1 of this act, and being in the course of transportation from one state to another, or to a foreign country, shall be forfeited to the United States, and may be seized and condemned by like proceedings as those provided by law for the forfeiture, seizure and condemnation of property imported into the United States contrary to law.

7. Any person who shall be injured in his business or property by reason of anything forbidden or declared to be unlawful by this act, may sue therefor in any circuit court of the United States in the district in which the defendant resides or is found, without respect to the amount in conspiracy, and shall recover threefold the damages by him sustained, and the cost of suit, including a reasonable attorney's fee.

8. That the word "person" or "persons," wherever used in this act, shall be deemed to include corporations and associations existing under or authorized by the laws of either the United States, the laws of any of the territories, the laws of any state, or the laws of any foreign country.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Will you please give me a brief sketch of the life of Robert G. Ingersoll? Did he die an infidel?—K. S., Chestnut, Ill.

Robert Green Ingersoll, the American lawyer, lecturer and author, was born August 11, 1833, and died July 21, 1899. He received a common school education and was admitted to the bar in 1854. He soon became prominent in the courts and in Democratic politics. He recruited a regiment in the civil war and entered the army as colonel. In 1862 he was captured by some confederate, but was soon paroled and given command of a camp in St. Louis. He soon after resigned. After the war he became a Republican, and was made attorney general of Illinois in 1866. Ingersoll was a delegate to the Republican national convention of 1876 and placed in nomination for president James G. Blaine, whom he termed "the plumed knight." His nominating speech gave him national reputation as an orator, and he afterward lectured frequently. Ingersoll was an agnostic, and in his lectures attacked the Bible and the beliefs of the Christian religion. He was prominent in politics for several years, and had he not given such frequent expression to his agnostic views he would doubtless have been honored with high offices. He took up his permanent residence in New York city in 1882 and practiced law until his death. Ingersoll was not an infidel, but rather an agnostic.

ENGLISH PEERAGES

Do the English peers hold their titles and positions other than by hereditary right?—G. C. M., Greencastle, Ind.

Some of the members of the English house of lords hold their positions by hereditary right, and some do not. Many of the English peers are created such by the king for some service they have done for the good of the country, or for their literary ability, and sometimes for a scientific discovery which they might make. Most of the peerages granted for such rewards cannot be inherited by their children. The titles of the lords spiritual are not inheritable.

ARIZONA

Will you tell what you can concerning the climate and crops of Arizona?—E. E. S., Woolrich, Pa.

Arizona is a tropic country modified by its elevation in the north. There are no true summer and winter, but a short rainy season in midsummer and a dry one the rest of the year. There are more clear days in Arizona than in any other place in the United States. The dry air is very healing to lung and catarrhal diseases. The mean rainfall of the northern plateau is 20 inches, to mean temperatures 45 degrees; of the southwest, 5 inches and 65 degrees. The torrid plains around Fort Yuma are frequently 120 degrees in the shade.

The principal minerals are copper, gold, silver, lead, mercury, platinum, nickel, tin, iron, salt, gypsum, borax, sulphur, marble and turquois. The agricultural products are alfalfa, wheat and other cereals, potatoes and cotton. In the future the typical crops will probably be figs, dates, oranges, lemons, apricots, raisin grapes and almonds.

MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE

Please give a description of the Mountain Meadow massacre, when the United States citizens were massacred on the plains while traveling to Utah.—M. G., Rixford, Pa.

On the 11th of September, 1857, an emigrant party numbering about 140 souls, was journeying peacefully through Utah on their way to California, when they were suddenly attacked by a horde of savages, ostensibly Indians, at Mountain Meadow. Although taken by surprise, the heroic emigrants kept their assailants at bay for five days, and were finally conquered only by treachery. They were induced by John D. Lee, who represented himself as a friend and mediator, to lay down their arms and return to the east on the understanding that their lives would be spared. Guided by Lee, the emigrants started on their return journey September 15, 1857, but they were soon attacked from an ambush and all but 17—these children under seven years of age—were murdered. The Mormons were accused of the massacre, but for many years persisted in charging it to the Indians, but in 1874 evidence of the complicity of the Mormons was discovered and an investigation was ordered by the United States government, which indicated the guilt of John D. Lee, who was arrested and tried for the offense in 1875. Every effort was made by the wealthy Mormon church to save Lee, but after two years of delay on legal technicalities, on March 23, 1877, 20 years after his terrible deed, Lee was taken to the scene of the massacre and executed by being shot.

INHERITANCE TAX

Please give an explanation of the inheritance tax.—Z. W., Decatur, Mich.

An inheritance tax is an assessment laid upon the male heirs of property, either by distribution or descent. Sometimes this assessment is confined to collateral heirs, when it is called collateral inheritance tax. The raising of public funds in this way has been sanctioned by legislation from the beginning of Roman law, and in England and in other countries is a large and steady source of revenue, although such taxes have been stigmatized by certain economists as "death duties." During the civil war taxes of this kind were made part of the internal revenue system of the United States, but abolished soon after the struggle ended. The rate and method of assessment vary in different countries and in different states of the Union. In the United States lineal collateral and succession inheritance taxes have been instituted in several states as a source of domestic revenue. Inheritance laws have in the United States occasioned much discussion and litigation, but their justice and utility have been testified to by experience and the decision of the law courts. The leading economists of the present and other periods have seen the scientific propriety, even necessity, of such legal provisions, and have noted the uniformity with which they deal with all classes of the financial community.

MISCELLANEOUS

B. K., Columbia, S. C.: The French marshal was the highest rank in the army of that country during the time of Napoleon.

E. P. L., Nuss, W. Va.: Send your ore to some assay office. The government has them throughout the country, but the nearest to your home is probably the one in Charlotte, N. C.

E. M., Peninsula, O.: High crimes are crimes against the government such as treason, bribery, etc.

E. R. C., Malone, Ala.: You must take a civil service examination if you wish an appointment in the internal revenue service. Your examination to that service make application at the office where you expect to enter.

T. L. P., Rich Mountain, N. C.: The longest river in the world is the Mississippi, and the largest is the Amazon.

R. H. W., Packwood, Ia.: The President's salary was raised to $50,000 just before the second term of Grant. He was the first to benefit by the raise.

D. E. B., Wellston, O.: The secretary of agriculture is James Wilson. One can obtain bulletins relating to agriculture if they will write to the department.

O. F. K., West Hartford, Conn.: The book named Andersonville is out of print.

G. A., Eldridge, Mo.: In 1854 Easter Sunday came on March 27.

A. H., South Whitley, Ind.: We cannot answer your question on account of the lack of data.

L. L. P., Dungannon, Va.: The owner of river property bordering on a navigable stream does not own the islands in that stream, but if he owns land along a stream that is not navigable he owns all the islands or parts of islands that lie on his side of the center of the river.

J. G. B., DeSoto, Mo.: We have no list of the governors of Missouri.

J. L. P., Church Hill, Tenn.: The cost of having ore analyzed at an assay office run by the government is nominal.

I. D., Kanawha Station, W. Va.: We do not know what the law is in your state, but in Ohio when one wishes to adopt a child he must apply for the necessary papers at the probate court.

H. B. E., Bay View, Wash.: There is a government assay office at Seattle, Washington, which is near your home.

D. T. C., Litchfield, Mich.: The President's salary is $75,000 per year and the congressman receive $7,500.

Sorry He Spoke.

Housekeeper.

Simon Hardcastel believed with sincere faith that any wife who had, or asked, more than a quarter a year for her own amusement or enjoyment was a being too horrible to contemplate. He came from the village store for dinner and told what he had heard.

"Miranda, would you believe that the Lord's Prayer could be engraved in a space no larger than a dime?"

"Well, yes, Simon," she hazarded, "if a dime is as large in the engraver's eye as it is in yours, I should think that he would have no difficulty at all."

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Cut out this "adv" and return it to us with your name and address written so plainly that both can be read at a glance.

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Camp Spring Whiskey is guaranteed absolutely pure **Straight Whiskey**—no blend—no compound—nomixture—just as it comes from United States Warehouses. You cannot buy better whiskey at any price. After you get it test one full bottle, should you not pronounce it the best you ever tasted and equal to any $5.00 a gallon whiskey—just return the balance and we will refund your remittance at once. Address all orders to

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Perhaps your hearing is already failing. Even if it is still good, you have the added burden of knowing that these Head Noises are only the signals of approaching Deafness. The whistle of the locomotive does not indicate any plainer the approach of the train, than Head Noises indicate the approach of Deafness.

You may only have the Noises in the head occasionally, or when you have a cold, but you are in danger all the same. You need immediate treatment.

Deafness Specialist Sproule has studied and perfected a method of treatment which has done wonders for many, many people troubled with Head Noises. This treatment has, in thousands of cases, stopped the sounds and left the head clear as a bell.

GIVEN AWAY

300 of these treatments are being offered Free. If you want one, write today. You may try for yourself the method of this great Specialist. You will see it is scientific, and why it has cured, where others failed.

Deafness Specialist Sproule wants to help all who suffer from these fierce Head Noises. He knows what intense misery those sounds of escaping steam—that bell ringing in the ear—that singing of crickets or insects—the humming—the puffing—the buzzing—the distant roaring—the dull heavy throbbing—means. **He therefore offers treatment, FREE, to all who write at once.** His treatment has cured thousands upon thousands. In place of those roaring noises, there is a perfect quietness, in which every natural sound is heard quickly and distinctly.

Just sit down and write a post card or letter request asking for a treatment—Free—for Head Noises. Sign your name and address, and send it off NOW. The treatment will come to you by return mail, and will cost you nothing. Don't delay—send **Now.** Write **Deafness Specialist Sproule, 43 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.**

A Lake of Platinum

THERE is a lake of enormous wealth in the north country," said a prospector. "I know it." A dozen other men know it. We look at it with longing eyes, but it'll never be exploited.

"It's this way: Metals are blood brothers. They come in groups; lead, silver and gold, iron, cobalt and nickel, osmium, iridium and platinum. Where you find one metal of a group look for the others.

"Well, sir, the cobalt camp was discovered not far from Sudbury, where nickel is mined. I made a careful hunt for iron and cobalt, the metal, in the territory lying between the two fields, expecting to find something.

"We went from lake to lake, section to section, steadily chipping rock, examining the granite laurentide formation for evidences of old geological flaws which are the outlet for metals from the bowels of the earth. We found nothing worth while and started for home.

"We'd run down a river and strike a little lake. Then we'd portage across the raw rock to the next lake and river. We struck a lake one afternoon and spent all day working down it in a gale with our canoes off a lee shore, dancing in the choppy, nasty water, finally hitting a good camp site late in the afternoon.

"I got off, hardly able to stretch my legs, and saw a long line of queer, black sand, just at the extreme limit of the wash from the lake. It caught my eye because the rest of the sand was of the ordinary white, yellowish stuff.

"The lake was beginning to calm down just at dark, and I went out with a piece of tin and a pickle bottle and shoveled up the thin, black film. I guess the bottle must have been half or three quarters full when the guide yelled to me to come to supper. I dropped the tin, picked up the bottle and hurried back to camp.

"Didn't notice that pickle bottle again till weeks later. Then I analyzed the the black sand. It proved to be 90 per cent iron and about 9 per cent platinum, with one per cent of nickel, iridium and other stuff I didn't bother with.

"My pickle bottle had $125 worth of platinum in it. And did I beat it back for that lake? You bet I did. I had a Pullman berth inside of an hour. Two days later I was up at the lake, where we'd pitched camp that day.

"The beach was bare and white, not a thing but the yellow-white everyday sand. Not a sign of the black sand I was looking for.

"I prospected that beach till I was tired, climbing over rocks and through old brambles and scrub undergrowth in the primeval forest along the shore, which was mostly rocky, with short stretches only of sandy beach here and there. Did this for three or four days, sleeping in settlers' log cabins. I told 'em that I'd lost a skiff from my camp on the other side of the lake and was trying to locate it.

"Finally, I decided to pump some of the local men in a roundabout way, and one day I met an old fellow and said to him, 'I saw a very funny beach over at that sandy point near what you call Four Mile Bay. There was a big black band of something running along the white sand. Is there a scum or anything that gets blown off the lake surface onto the sand from some swamp?'

"Those settlers can tell pretty nearly every stone along the shore, they know the lake so well. He opened out on me by telling me that he hadn't noticed any southeast wind that day, and then he told me that it was a very peculiar lake. Every time there is a gale from the southeast the beaches on the north shore of the lake are covered with quantities of a black sand.

"This sand lies on the beach for perhaps a week, gradually washing back into the lake, for it is very heavy, but finally leaving the ordinary sand as it was before. There was a tremendous gale one spring about eight years before, with three days of terrific high winds, and when it subsided the beach at this sandy point was black with this queer sand, piled up a foot deep in places.

"It took months to wash back into the lake, and the old chap never knew of so much black sand ever having been thrown up before by a storm. Perhaps twice a year a gale blows up more or less of the sand on the beach, but it is soon gone again.

"The old settler went on to tell me what a peculiar lake it was. It is always icy cold. It has no shallows except here and there and in a few little bays. In the main body of the lake the ground goes down steeply from the water's edge and the ground is solid, laurentide formation rock. Fifty yards from the shore you can't find bottom.

"The lake looks to me like an old volcanic crater. I know one thing, though. You can't get at the iron platinum sand to dredge it and you can't float a company on the basis of southeast wind storms every once in a while."

Consumption of Wood.

Van Norden Maagzine.

It is not generally known that at the present time the people of the United States use about three times as much timber as their forests grow. The government foresters maintain that if we were everywhere practicing forestry with a resulting improvement equal to that made in Prussia, where no more wood is cut than the forests produce, the forests of this country would be producing as much as we use. What is wanted is a sustained yield year by year, and it is necessary, therefore, to have always a certain number of trees ready to cut; there must be a proper proportion of trees of all ages. In Prussia this proportion has been maintained with almost mathematical accuracy. The financial returns there make an excellent showing. In 1850 the net returns per acre were 28 cents; in 1865 they were 72 cents; in 1900, $1.58, and in 1904, $2.50.

Be A Railroad Man

Earn $80 to $150 a month. A legal binding Bond to place you in a position. Men wanted between 20 and 30 years who are mentally and physically competent

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Zelaya is going to write a book. There is no law against it.

The telephone is 34 years old, but the girl operators are all young.

Even when he is wrong Uncle Joe Cannon is more or less interesting.

Hudson, Ohio, has again voted to paint the town white, with green shutters.

It is a rare thing to find a man complaining about the price of tobacco.

What a happy world this would be if all of our pleasant dreams would come true.

The prevailing sentiment seems to be in favor of abolishing Uncle Joe Cannonism.

The Boston woman who complains that kissing is overdone probable prefers hers rare.

Few husbands would care to have their wives talk more than three or four languages.

Thirty-two reasons are given for the high cost of living, but there are probably many others.

An ear of corn was sold the other day for $6.50. It would make a fine meal for that $10,000 hen.

Hangings are to be abolished in Kentucky. They have become unpopular among the people.

Coats that button up the back have been suggested for men. Doubtless it is some woman's idea.

Speaker Cannon evidently feels that he has saved the country more times than he has fingers and toes.

Mr. Taft is finding that among the duties of a President is that of keeping peace in the political family.

"Is a hen a bird?" asks the government. Respectfully referred to the man who owns Peggy, the $10,000 hen.

Prussians want universal suffrage, but the kaiser may decide that what they need is something equally as good.

"Do women worry more than men?" asks a London paper. They do, but the men are always to blame for it, of course.

Prison authorities in Missouri are often kind and considerate. Recently they permitted a woman to see her husband hanged.

"I couldn't help it," explained the New York boy who married three women. And thus lovely woman receives another compliment.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie says he doesn't want to go to heaven yet. But he must not be understood as being opposed to the place.

Pictures of Mrs. John L. Sullivan make her look like a woman who would not accept a poor excuse from a husband who stays out late.

"A Missouri cow has produced 110.2 pounds of milk in one day." She would make a great companion for the hen that lays three eggs in one day.

Much has been said about the Massachusetts woman who can talk 54 languages, but if she isn't married what good does her knowledge do her?

If there are no canals on Mars there ought to be, if for no other reason than to vindicate Prof. Lowell, who has labored hard to establish them there.

Professor Percival Lowell says he has positive proof that there is life on Mars. It is much easier to accept his word than to prove that he is wrong.

John D. Rockefeller drew six million dollars in old dividends last week, considerable more than was necessary to settle with the grocer and the butcher.

Many years have elapsed since old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone. But, owing to the high price of meat, history is likely to repeat itself.

A Chicago man says the love germ is located at the center of the nervous system. Recently somebody declared the liver to be the seat of affection. There is no end of opinions.

There is a new coast defense gun at Sandy Hook which, when fired, jars the earth six miles away. Uncle Joe Cannon would doubtless like to possess some such power as that.

A New York man, seeking American citizenship, declared the United States flag was green. Can a man who is so color blind as that be worked over into a good citizen?

Since everybody is selecting something for Mr. Roosevelt to do when he returns home, we suggest that he take up the work of farming. With his strenuous ways he could raise enough stuff to lower the cost of living.

At one town in Tennessee robins are reported to be "selling readily on the local market at ten cents a dozen." The man who would kill and eat a robin ought to have a volume of spring poetry crammed down his throat.

THE BIGGER WEIGHT.

If the indictments against the National Packing company are followed by convictions, the following officers and directors may have to undergo prison terms:

Edward Tilden, president; L. B. Patterson, A. T. Fuller, vice presidents; C. G. Snow, secretary; Arthur Colby, assistant treasurer; directors, J. Ogden Armour, L. F. Swift, Edward Morris, E. F. Swift, Ira I. Morris, Arthur Meeker, Edward Tilden, T. J. Connors, L. A. Carton, T. E. Wilson, C. H. Swift, L. H. Weyman, Samuel McRoberts, F. A. Fowler and A. W. Armour.

Charles W. Morse, wild financier, is in prison at Atlanta. John R. Walsh has a cell in the federal penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth. Employes of the sugar trust have been sent to prison and the men "higher up" may go shortly. The resources of rich malefactors have saved many from punishment, but those resources, it now appears, are not exhaustless. The people at last own the bigger weight in the scales.

THE ADVENTURER BUSINESS.

The political upheaval in Nicaragua drew a score or more of the adventurers who make a trade of attaching themselves to the revolutionary leaders in the Latin-American countries. They were rounded up at Bluffelds the other day, escorted to a steamer and shipped away to New Orleans. Nicaragua is said to be entirely barren of soldiers of fortune.

There is surely some moral to be drawn from this incident. The romantic literature put out in red covers has led us all to believe that no Central American republic could exist, much less thrive, without a complete assortment of these gentlemen. The scenery cannot possibly seem real unless an imposing figure in khaki takes up the foreground. He must be at least six-feet-four in height, look as stern as a clothing advertisement portrait and give the impression he was born wearing putties. Perhaps Nicaragua can get along without the adventurers. If it does, it is a singularly sordid land, altogether out of sympathy with the New York publishing houses and upon the same stupid plane as a nation wherein peace rules and order is the prevailing tone.

THE BOOM FOR CHICKENS.

The breeders of poultry and the makers of poultry supplies are, to all appearances, agreed that no wind is altogether ill. They are making the best of what is to be gleaned in the stir over high prices. Magazines and newspaper advertising proclaims their activity.

The full enticing quality of chicken-raising does not come ordinarily until spring is unmistakably in the air. Then it is that barnyards seem most attractive. Hens stirring about as if upon the most absorbing of affairs, roosters strutting and belligerent, the warm sun drawing steam from the frozen earth—the whole makes a picture that excites the desire for possession. Who wouldn't be a farmer if it were all like 10 o'clock in the morning of a bright April day?

There is money in chicken raising—for some. Fortunes have been made—by a few. But entire dependence upon the hen-house is a long risk for those whose reserve means are small. As a side-issue upon the farm, or as an incidental occupation for one whose main livelihood is elsewhere, poultry often fattens a bank account surprisingly. There is work and hard work in keeping up a big chicken-ranch. Eternal watchfulness alone prevents heavy losses, or, it may be, ruin.

It is to be hoped that the present boom in chickens—if it really proves a boom—will bring profit to many. Particularly our sympathies go to those city-folk who are trying for independence in the country. Yet all who assume the occupation for the first time should go equipped with whatever they can learn from the experienced and ready to labor, as the chances are, they have never labored before. Chicken raising is no lazy or dull-witted man's job.

Twelve Pennsylvania hens laid 167 eggs during the month of January. That was a case of beginning the year with a noble purpose and sticking to the job.

A DEFINITION AS A BARRIER.

An injunction was served in 1903 against the members of the beef trust using the power they possessed to wreck the independent packers. This, in the opinion of the lawyer defending the big companies, is proof sufficient that no trust exists.

The independents are said to have flourished since the issue of the court order. They have managed to do much better than exist. Prices of meat handled and marketed by the big fellows are the same. Where there are differences they are probably convenient arrangements entered into and understood between the packers. At the same time the independents have cased to furnish the competition popularly expected of all independent concerns. The small fry, it would appear, have been taken into camp. There is more than one way to get behind the wall of an injunction.

The point the lawyer makes might hold in law. The courts have their own special definitions and every few days one learns, for example, that there is a floor above the upper floor of a building known as the uppermost, or that oysters are wild animals. But a trust is judged by the people by its deeds. Isn't it about time that some way be found for dealing with rich malefactors upon such grounds instead of upon the rules of etymology?

THE MUCK-RAKER IN THE GRAVEYARD

A naturalized Englishman living in Massachusetts has been muck-raking the American revolutionists in order to show what a fine and genteel lot the Tories were by contrast. He pronounces Samuel Adams a defaulter of public moneys while a tax collector. John Hancock is charged with embezzling funds belonging to Harvard. Patrick Henry, says this historian, was a bankrupt with but one asset—a single good speech. Benjamin Franklin, too, was not all that he should have been.

This historian is not a very pleasant creature, perhaps. One would look for soap and water after shaking hands with him. To be neighbor to him might be like living beside a miasmic or polluted stream. But, to the discerning, there is a fair weather sign in this latest marketing of unlaundered literature. It indicates that the material of the muck-rakers is running short. The heap has been stirred over so many times, has been robbed of its most desirable uncleanlinesses, that there is hardly enough left to get out one edition of a cheap magazine. Given a sufficient number of scavengers and buzzards, no city dump will last. So one may take it for granted that the present day muck-rakable stuff is becoming exhausted. The dead must be dug from their graves. History must be propped up in its winding sheet and made to sit for its photograph. The past must be denuded and whipped through the streets.

Why? You would not be so cruel as to step in the way of the muck-raker in pursuit of his bread and butter, would you? And, besides, the dead can stand the business better than the living.

STUPID FIGURING.

The postal appropriation bill carries a provision of law that mail is not to be delivered at city homes unprovided with boxes. The argument is made that carriers lose a great deal of time waiting for the doorbell to be answered. The services of the carriers can be extended, it is said, more mail delivered by the individual postman and a consequent saving accomplished of $400,000 a year.

The postoffice department has been concerning itself closely, in recent months, with plans for wiping out the deficit. These were responsible for the immature expressions in President Taft's message last December and for the erroneous and ambiguous statements in the annual report of the postmaster general. The scheme to force the purchase of mail boxes appears to be of the same illogical pattern. It is a bright idea for the mail manufacturers. There was such another a few years ago in that part of the department which had to do with the rural free delivery service. It led to much scandal, and, if memory is right, a sentence or two in the courts. But the plan leaves out of consideration those who pay for the postal service. If the order goes into effect the people must immediately spend about $20,000,000 in the purchase of boxes. A poor man, getting a letter perhaps once a month or less often, must either buy a box or lose his letter. At least that appears to be understood, but it will not be, for the postmaster will send notice that a letter awaits call. The carrier will have to deliver this notice and a clerk will turn it over upon due observance of red tape forms. Has the cost of this process been figured?

Tradition demands that the high talents in the postal department be devoted to making the business as cumbersome as can be. Tradition has never explained why.

THE POOR LOSER.

"Let us not forget," said Emerson Hough, "that the Englishman is the best sportsman in the world—when he wins."

The National Review of London is the leading spokesman for the bigger navy boomers of the Unionist party. It is distinguished by a vocabulary that bites like acid and sears like a red-hot horseshoe. The editor, one feels certain, is like Colonel Jack Chinn, of Kentucky, who is known as the most even-tempered man in America. He is mad all the time. The election went against the hopes of the Review's editor and this is the way he loses:

> Mr. Churchill is simply a Tammany Hall politician, without, however, a Tammany man's patriotism. He lives but to advertise and advance himself, and has no sentiment even for a Welsh cabbage patch like his twin at the Exchequer.
>
> The third of the trio is in some respects the worst. Mr. L. V. Harcourt belongs to that pitiful type of society who slangs peers in public and fawns upon them in private. He commands a great fortune made in protectionist America and is consequently independent of any misfortune to Free Trade England.
>
> * * * The traitors in the cabinet, who, headed by Mr. Churchill, devoted all their talents and energy to rejecting this program.

It is possible that it is a fine thing to be a sportsman when you win. That may be the reason it is too much to ask of an Englishman that he lose with good grace.

JOY FOR THE CONSUMER.

One very excellent thing about the inquiry being made into the cost of living is that everyone with a grievance is eager to tell it. The farmer has his troubles, though he has been pictured as the only complacent person concerned. The commission men have a set of complaints almost as long as some of the railroads against which they charge extortion. The wholesaler and the retailer are angry at each other and at others with whom they have dealings.

There is nothing like a long-stemmed tide of wrongs to bring about the correction of evils. The anger of years is being aired. The unfairness are put on public exhibition. Favoritisms and petty gougings, business brigandage and commercial rapacity, are all being explained and put down in the minutes. If any evil practice escapes examination it will not be for want of willing witnesses.

It begins to look as if the ultimate consumer is to come into happier days.

THE GENIUS OF MOROCCO.

Mulai Ahmed Ben Mohammed el-Raisuli was born upon one of the mean little plots on the edge of the Moroccan desert, sometimes dignified by travelers with the name of farms. He learned to scratch the earth, to draw water painfully from deep wells to waste among the furrows and to say resignedly, "Allah's Will," when the crops failed, or the locusts swept down. But the boy was no mere plowman. The seeds of genius were in his soul. He aspired for greater and nobler works. And since he was of low birth there was but one outlet for his genius. He became a brigand.

Raisuli was famous in his land before he ever mixed in internal affairs. The world in general knew of him first as the captor of a correspondent for a London newspaper. Dr. Walter E. Harris. The Englishman refused to pay a ransom of $10,000. One morning a headless body was cast in his tent. The hint was taken. The ransom was paid. Then Raisuli took Ion Perdicaris under his charge. Perdicaris was a naturalized American citizen and so a squadron and an ultimatum were sent to Moroccan waters. Nevertheless Prendicaris paid up. Kaid Sir Harry MacLean, advisor to the sultan and instructor of his army, came next. The sum of $100,000 was asked for him and refused. It is said the British consulate at Tangiers was kept advised of the welfare of MacLean by the receipt of fingers on alternate weeks from Raisuli, the fingers being MacLean's. The ransom was promised. Raisuli was made governor of the district embracing Tangiers and promised to follow the ways of peace.

Cable news on Sunday said the chief was dead of poison. If so, Morocco's one native genius is gone. In a happier country think what he might have been—perhaps a beef trust magnate. Who can tell?

NOT ALL UP TO THE RAILROADS.

The fullest commendation should be given to the proposal to make an inquiry into the confiscation of canal lands on the part of the railroads. This land is now of great value and the rightful owner should have full payment for it.

It is only fair to the railroads, however, to relieve them of a part of the responsibilities for these alleged seizures. When the lands were taken up the cities and towns of Ohio were striving with every energy to obtain rail transportation. They offered the companies every encouragement they could. In many of the communities bonuses were given, rights of way obtained without charge to the railroads, and station sites presented as free gifts. There was no town at the time that did not welcome the coming of the roads. In many cases it might be found, if search were made, that local communities transferred state property either with the intention in view of obtaining title from the state or under the impression that the state rights had been surrendered. If he railroads failed to get the titles to the lands from the state it was not because they could not. A legislature which had failed to vote them on request would then have been hooted from the lake to the river.

Where the railroads must reimburse the state it will be because they neglected to grasp an opportunity. Make them pay now, but not as thieves paying a fine. Their offense is largely one against their stockholders. They did not take a gift held out gladly.

LACE CURTAINS

Special Announcement to Subscribers Whose Time Expires Next Month.

During our last year's subscription season of 10 months we gave to our subscribers for raising clubs nearly 15,000 pairs of Nottingham lace curtains. This has proved the most popular premium ever offered by The Blade, and we have contracted for an increased number for this season, which we will freely give upon terms stated below. We do not sell these curtains, but give one pair free, postpaid by mail, for every club of 10 subscribers. The announcement we make this week is intended especially for those whose time expires next month. One month later we shall make the same announcement for those whose time expires the following month, and so on, each and every month in order.

We have these curtains made especially for our purpose—all of them being exactly the same pattern, so that subscribers getting pairs at intervals will always find them to match. Each curtain is 30 inches wide by 2½ yards long, and we always send two curtains (or one pair), postpaid by mail to each person awarded. The retail price of these curtains in local stores would be from $1.00 to $1.50 per pair.

On the first day of each month we mail notice to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, giving choice of several propositions for renewal. All who send us a club of 10 or more subscribers according to proposition number 3 will receive one pair of these curtains postpaid by mail. By March 1st those whose subscriptions expire during March should have our proposition. If not received by March 4th, drop us a postal and we will promptly mail a duplicate. We shall be disappointed if each subscriber does not renew under one of our propositions, as The Blade is the best and cheapest weekly newspaper in the world, having now a quarter of a million subscribers and over a million readers. While all should renew under one of our propositions, we shall be prepared for the majority to send us clubs of 10 or more, and avail themselves of our curtain proposition. It will be noticed that we do not now make this proposition a general one to all of our subscribers at the same time. It would be impossible to serve all at once. One mill could not manufacture and supply us except by regular monthly shipments, which enable us to take care each month of those subscribers whose time expires during the current month. We now make this offer to March subscribers only, and 30 days later the April people will have their turn, and so on in order of expiration. In this way we will be able to take care of orders with regularity, and all our subscribers will be served in due time during their expiration month. Remember, that unless you accept one of our March propositions by April 1st, you will never have the opportunity again, because, beginning with that date, we shall deal with April subscribers only. In the meantime, if you do not renew, your name would be dropped from our list, and your address would be lost to us. We hope to have a renewal of all our March names and a large number of new ones as well.

CHANGING THE PROGRAM.

Congress began the present session with the clear intention of doing as little in the way of important legislation as possible. There are signs now that it is not to have its way altogether in that matter.

Throughout the wrangling between "insurgent" and "regular" forces President Taft has kept aloof from the quarrel. His one expressed desire was to get his policies written upon the law books. He has been charged with being easy going, with listening too readily to the voices of Cannon and Aldrich, with threatening to employ the patronage stick in order to whip the "insurgent" faction into line. The President has taken little pains to deny the reports. It is now becoming apparent why. He had set his heart upon getting the pledges of the Republican national platform carried out. He had hoped that by avoiding taking sides in the disputes in congress he would succeed in gaining general support for his measures. His policy is working out, even if the strategies he adopted have had to be modified. There is no more talk of the influence of Aldrich, and Cannon at the White House. The patronage threat was used only against those who were lining up against himself. He has not been entirely easy-going—congress has learned that.

The Taft bills are to go through even if there is a lot of howling. The presence of lobbyists, the visits of "interested" millionaires and the strong undercurrent of opposition in congress to a definite program are not to avail. This is now admitted at the capitol. There are many ways in which a big stick can be swung.

A PLACE FOR CONTEMPT.

It has been proposed in the house of representatives that Commander Robert E. Peary exhibit his proofs of having found the North Pole to the naval committee, before he is voted a gold medal. The naval committee is made up of:

Thirteen lawyers, one banker, one lumberman, one iron manufacturer, one newspaper editor, one congressman of indefinite occupation, having been in political service since 1882; and one only who has ever had experience as a navigator.

Nineteen states are represented on the committee of which nine are inland.

It is declared that the mere word of the National Geographical society cannot be taken for it that Peary achieved the pole. The question is to be discussed vigorously upon the floor, it is promised.

If the commander knows no other expression of contempt than "oh fudge," it would be advisable for him to look up one of his old sailor friends and learn a few. There is need for them.

DIDN'T FREEZE IT.

The Standard Oil company is the favorite defendant in the federal courts. It has been muck-raked and keel-hauled and Tom-Lawsoned. Proceedings of solemnity have been brought against it. The memories of its officers have been wrecked—on the stand—the letter files looted and the inmost secret paraded through the public streets.

The Standard Oil company declared its usual quarterly dividend of $15 a share last week.

John D. Rockefeller's life has been reviewed from the day he received his first stone bruise to that on which the latest wig was bought. He has been asked questions which used to prompt men, in an earlier age, to reach for their firearms. He has been made out a hypocrite, a robber, a breaker of faith, a sin and a shame. John D. Achbold has also been told things about himself that no mirror would dare to. The soul of H. H. Rogers was vivisected.

The Standard Oil company is to distribute its usual annual return of 60 per cent.

Doesn't it look, some way or other, as if the procedure lacked efficiency?

A PLACE FOR AN INQUIRY.

The Baltimore American reminiscences briefly upon the occasion of the sixth anniversary of the great fire. It reviews the wonderful years following in which the smoking wreckage was cleared away, a new and nobler city planned and enduring stone and steel erected. There are a few signs of the fire, the American tells us. The area of ruin is now more wealthy and busier than it was before.

The fire aroused Baltimore from an easy jogtrot ideal of progress to an accelerated pace, which has not yet shown signs of relapse. The city has been doing things during the past six years, and is going to keep on doing things upon a continuously widening scale of effort and achievement. The civic spirit that grew out of the stress that followed the fire is still in evidence. In her trouble, Baltimore learned the importance of teamwork. It was a valuable lesson. Teamwork is just as necessary for the accomplishment of results in 1910 as it was in 1904.

The demonstrated ability of American communities to regain their feet after disaster almost tempts one to draw the moral: There is nothing so good for a decaying city as a big fire.

THE LOYALTY OF COLONIES.

Jamaica is opposing with all its energies the effort to arrange a preferential tariff with Canada. The merchants fear that the United States will retaliate by fixing such a duty on Jamaican bananas that will kill the colonial trade.

Those who developed the scheme of colonial navies for the British empire had in mind originally that warships should be presented as gifts to the mother country. The colonies did not look at it that way. Australia, New Zealand and Canada will probably build navies, but the vessels are to be made of colonial material, and by colonial labor, use colonial supplies and remain in colonial waters.

The tie between Britain and her more important colonies is largely sentimental. When a practical question of pounds and pence comes up the colonies shove sentiment aside and look out for their own interests.

Commission Form of Government

LEAVENWORTH, KAS.

By Calvin Goodrich.

Leavenworth, Kas.—As Galveston is the type of the city that has gone through ordeals to find itself and now beholds a future of promise, and as Kansas City, Kas., is the type of the mushroom city that is badly out of harmony with itself, so might Leavenworth be chosen as the type of town which started out swiftly and shortly after lay down to sleep by the roadside.

It would be well to describe Leavenworth before considering how well the new garment of commission government fits it—or, if you like, how well the community fits government by commission.

Brought Up on Strife.

The tale of Leavenworth goes back to the stirring days before the Civil war. As a border town it tasted the wild and exhilarating cup of fighting for conviction. Self-interest was dimmed by the glorious exultation of shooting with purpose and abandon. Gangs of Missourians crossed the river of nights and spread their doctrine of pro-slavery with powder and torch. The Kansans retorted in kind. Between raids elements within the town came to blows. Leavenworth was then the great outfitting post for emigrant trains to the Rockies, and beyond. The Great Salt Lake trail started here. An important branch of the Santa Fe trail ran through the town to the fort upon its northern line. Steamboats crowded one another upon the levee. The world of the border met in the lobbies of the Leland and Planters hotels and once in a while guests drew their firearms to put emphasis upon their politics. The war came on. There was more raiding, more guerilla visitations. A "Jayhawker" regiment or two was formed and marched away to spread a lavish hatred over the lands of the Missourians. The boom that followed the Civil war did mighty things for Leavenworth. It gave it form. It gave it pride. It gave it what it had never had before—greed and arrogance.

The Promise.

St. Joseph, Mo., further up the river, may have been larger at the time, but it hadn't the promise of Leavenworth. Kansas City, 30 miles to the south, was a contemptible group of shanties perched under the brow of a clay bluff from which with every rain poured a muck of yellow mud that made the town the joke of all who journeyed up and down the river. A railroad wanted to get into Leavenworth. The story of the venture is dimmed and hard to get the right of, but the outcome was that the railroad went to Kansas City —and Kansas City was made. From that day Leavenworth began to mildew. It went to sleep and will probably never know a reawakening.

Having rebuffed the big things which bring growth to a city Leavenworth proceeded to go after the little things. It is now an institutional town. The limits on the north halt at the garrison, now said to be the largest infantry pose in the country and having the famous officers' school —the post graduate course of West Point. A reservation nearly as big borders the town on the south—the national soldiers' home. Beyond the soldiers' home is the state penitentiary. Scattered in the western fringe are half a dozen or more other institutions. The town is reduced to a mercantile basis where one man boasts the placing of a contract for a carload of potatoes and backbites a more fortunate bidder on nine barrels of sauer kraut.

The Impression Given.

Leavenworth has still done something to keep abreast with the times. She has most of the solid comforts of the largest cities, water supply system, sewers, natural gas and paved streets. And yet—though the impression is confused with the memory of old houses, well-kept, of a Carnegie library and a new and imposing high school building—there is an association of intimate relationship between this town and the jimpson weed of its vacant places.

An inheritance of Leavenworth from the old days was a brand of politics virulent in its bitterness. The last census credits it with a population of a little more than 20,000. Yet the municipal campaigns were fought with the life and deadly earnestness which distinguishes the hottest of the campaigns in Toledo. Family feuds, grievances years old, commercial enmities, all took active parts in the elections. No scandal was too old to be revived and reviewed, no neighbor's advantage in an alley fence discussion too trivial to be presented. And—as in other cities which have gone through such campaigns—there was left deep wounds and a sickness of the mind. How much these petty politics have held back Leavenworth from growth, how much of it is responsible for putting it asleep by the roadside, is not to be estimated. That it did stunt the town every citizen admits.

Then came the proposal to alter the form of the government. It was welcomed with fervor. Here was a chance to knock out the ancient quarrels, bury the feuds. Undoubtedly it has done this—which chalks up a big white mark to the credit of the commission government.

A Little Dodging.

Of the actual, practicable working successes of the new code there are differences of opinion. For example, the assertion is made that the commissioners have paid off a big block of the municipal debt. Getting down to facts one learns that this consisted of refunding the debt at a lower interest—a saving of one per cent. Inasmuch as the commissioners find it impossible to acquire merit for the misrepresentation it indicates they don't differ materially from the average government of the old kind. Another statement is made that the city gets along without the revenue of $90,000 which used to be collected in fines from the saloons—Kansas, as you will remember, being a prohibition state. A critic of the administration told me that $44,000 had been collected from the same source, but by a slightly more circuitous process.

But these items constitute the disapproval, so far as I could hear it. One sees pavements being laid, a building of modest size going up here and another being repaired there. Soldiers in neat khaki or blue give color to the streets. The stores are not like country town stores, but small replicas of those of the cities. There is none of the slovenliness of the decayed southern communities. Dry rot is at the heart of Leavenworth—the memory of those patches of jimpson weed will persist in lingering—but the town intends to decay with all due decency.

The commission government does excellently in the resurrection of a wrecked city—as at Galveston. It promises to knit a squawking mess of villages and town into a real, live municipality—as at Kansas City, Kas. One can't but give it endorsement as the agent which will draw the coverlid over a sleeping town, gently and soothingly, as at Leavenworth.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

NARROW WAY TO BROAD LIFE

International Sunday School Lesson for February 27 Is "False and True Discipleship." Matt. 7:13-29.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Two drummers sat opposite me in a dining car; one was loud-voiced, ill-bred, brazen and self-confident. The other was quieter. After the noisy one had expressed himself with terse finality upon many other subjects, the matter of religion arose—as it usually does arise when men talk long enough together. The man with the voice and the huge Masonic charm said he was a Catholic, but that he didn't take much stock in it; that there was really no difference between Catholics and Protestants, and religion was for woman anyway. Then he went on to explain his point—stumbling deeper into the mire of ignorance at every sentence. His Protestant companion assented, knowing as little, apparently, as the other, but because he made less noise he seemed not quite so much of a donkey.

That coversation was an exaggerated type of the latitudinarianism of the day. Men pride themselves on traveling a "broad" way. Their ideas upon other subjects than sport and business are vague and inexact. They do not know how to think things through; and, what is worse, they do not seem to care to learn. It could be shown that, on the plane of intellect alone, the popular broad way leads to mental degradation. Equally it is on the plane of pleasure-seeking; the undiscriminating and unfastidious pursuit of pleasure ends in early satiety and jaddedness. Still more is this true of the deeper concerns of the spirit.

Says Mary M. Furrier:

"The way is narrow? Ay, but think how wide
The fields it leads to. Wide as hope are they.
Into a larger life the path will guide.
What matter, then, if narrow be the way!"

Straitened Men as Nation-Builders.

It is fashionable to sneer at the Pilgrims and Puritans as narrow men; yet if we today have the advantage of them in breadth, they still have the advantage of us in depth. Their convictions were established deeply, and on carefully-dug foundations. Well would it be for our time if we had more of the straitened life—men who know more of the glory of self-denial and of self-control than of the excesses of self-indulgence. The intense rigor and seriousness of their life made them strong and tremendous. Through the narrow gate they entered into largeness of soul.

While civilization is learning to think in world-terms, let us remember that all the pioneer and conquering nations of modern history have been nations of positive faith. It was a Bible-reading England that became mistress of the seas, and mother of many nations. It was when aflame with religious zeal that Spain won her colonial possessions; when her faith grew dim, her colonies slipped away, one after the other. The United States and Canada have risen to new place and power in the councils of nations, as they have displayed the Christian qualities of their manhood. We may venture to declare that it is through the straitened souls of its people that a country comes to a place of leadership in our time. The supremely important concern before America is the religious faith of her men and women.

The Universal Test.

The final arguments upon the question of religion are not in the cloistered studies of the theologians; but down amid the crowds of every day. The touchstone of Christianity, as indicated by its Founder, is a simple test. Does it bear fruit of the expected kind? A man does not have to know Greek or Hebrew in order to test the fruits of the Christian religion. Does Christianity produce holy, helpful, brotherly men and women? Does it make life sweeter, truer, nobler? Is it an uplifting or a downpulling force in society? Are there men and women who today are good who would be bad if it were not for their loyalty to Jesus?

That is common sense, as the teachings of Jesus have a way of being. Apply the same test to our broad and easy day-by-day materialism. Place that test as a plumb-line against the practical atheism that is prevalent. Make it the standard whereby we judge the loose social order of the day. What sort of showing does the lax moral code of our vaunted liberal "new thought" make in the presence of this square-edged Judged by the sane and workable rule of Jesus, our modern life appears in a light which should stir every thoughtful person to renewed earnestness.

With rare lucidity the Teacher sets forth that all this is in the nature of things. Each tree produces after its kind. As is the root, so will be the fruit. So, he pointed out, his is a heart religion. The most important fact about any man is the state of his spirit—far more important than anything Dun's or Bradstreet's has to say about him. Some folk who pride themselves upon their hard-headed practicability sneer at mysticism in religion; why, the very essence and core of Christianity is mysticism, the secret relation of the human spirit to God. There used to be widely sung a gospel song, "Is it will with my soul?" It is little used nowadays; we oftener hear, "Work, for the night is coming." But the first song holds the more important truth. The test of all living things is their product; and their product depends wholly upon their conditions at the root.

A Social Service Religion.

Mr. Man-of-the-Street airily discusses this as individualistic; he "goes in" for human "uplift," "social service" and "welfare work." It is a good modern mode to be interested in the down-trodden. Women in silks and diamonds join hands with factory girls. Shirtwaist strikers find themselves whirled about in automobiles. Now that it is the popular thing for men and women to espouse the cause of human betterment we find persons going downtown for a time to live in the college settlements; thereby affording themselves picturesque topics for dinner-table conversations for many long months. In plain words, a deal of this "social" talk is mere faddism; it is as truly a passing fashion as the mops of store hair which some women are nowadays buying to clap on their heads as the latest thing in coiffures. Of course men should be brotherly; and of course religion should so express itself. But brotherhood is simply impossible without Fatherhood.

The most social service any man can render his generation is to get right with God himself; and then to help his neighbor to get right with God. No unthinking sneers about the individualistic and selfish character of such a creed should deter a person from seeking first the Kingdom thus. Individual obedience to the world of the Master is the keynote of this lesson. It is the only way the Kingdom of Heaven grows.

"Thou must be true thyself, ere thou be true canst teach;
Thy heart must overflow, ere thou another's heart can reach."

The true heart, in right relationship with God, is the center of a reconstructed social order. Men will never be in right relationship with one another until they get into right relationship with God. That may be written down as an eternal verity. Moods, modes and manners change; this truth abides forever. The heart right with God is the first necessity.

The Test of Time.

Good old Dr. Charles F. Deems lay dying. A long siege of paralysis had brought him low. But at the end he managed to whisper, "My faith holds out." That is the glory of the Christian religion; it stands the ultimate tests. Jesus antedated by about nineteen hundred years the modern advertisers who stress the argument of "The Test of Time." The familiar figure of the house built upon the rock, which the storms could not shake, was used to illustrate the unshakableness of the obedient life established upon Jesus Christ.

Like the humdrum ways of honest thrift, compared with the rocket glare of high finance, so the life of simple obedience to the commands of Christ may seem antiquated and old-fogyish. Yet it stands. Better a sure foundation than ornamental gables or plate glass windows. A big building on one of Philadelphia's main streets collapsed a few months ago without a word of warning. Such is the fate of many a prominent life. The strength of any structure lies not in its outward appearance but in its hidden parts. Life is very brilliant and showy today; the art of display seems to have been carried to the limit; but still the old, old lesson needs to be taught over and over again to the world, that the end tests all; and that the only sure building is that which is founded upon the rock of obedience to Jesus Christ—the best foundation for society and for an individual life.

Varieties

Acrostics were invented in the fourth century.

Burglary and housebreaking are on the decrease in London.

In Spain the old-style charcoal brazier is still in use for heating purposes.

The sick list of the London police force averages 500 men every day.

"Parliamentary London" covers nearly 118 square miles, but this is not the entire city.

The average height of a wave in feet is about half the velocity of the wind in miles.

The pay rolls of the enlisted men in the navy during 1911 will aggregate nearly $18,000,000.

Fishguard promises to supplant Queenstown as a stopping place for transatlantic passenger vessels.

Canadian housekeepers complain because general houseworkers want $9 a month instead of $6.

The wind gauge on shipboard registers up to 105 miles an hour, which is as much speed as any one expects.

The army is experimenting with transmitting bugle calls for long distances with the aid of the megaphone.

Candidates for the profession of teaching in Canada receive a special course of training at government expense.

Just closed, the Yarmouth and Lowestoft herring season has yielded 300,000,000 herrings, which sold for $5,000,000.

A discarded automobile tire makes a good life preserver. Its buoyancy is sufficient to keep several persons afloat.

In Ceylon the manufacture of salt is a government monopoly, and yielded in 1908 1,760,551 rupees ($585,850) to the revenue.

New York theater managers estimate that the nightly attendance at the city's places of amusement is 2,000 more than it was one year ago.

A translation of the Scriptures into modern, idiomatic Spanish is being prepared for use in Porto Rico, Cuba, Mexico and South America.

On an average a man requires 1,600 pounds of food per annum; a woman 1,200 pounds and a child 900 pounds.

In the time of King Canute, the eleventh century, there was a law prohibiting English parents from selling their children to the Irish for slaves.

Thirteen whales valued at $43,000 were killed off the coast of Korea, during the first part of November by the Oriental Whaling company, of Japan.

It is said that enough horse power goes to waste in the rivers and streams between Austin and San Antonio, Tex., to run all the industries in the state.

The sea kale used as food in China comes largely from the coast of Saghalin, where the leaves average one foot in width and 45 feet in length.

Water thrown on the ice of the arctic regions will crack it, just as a boiling water will crack a piece of glass. This is because the ice is so much colder than water.

Fears that the sea will soon become depleted of food fish if the operations of steam trawlers are not restricted, is not sustained by experience in the North sea for the last ten years.

According to the United States census tables, based on the present growth, the population of New York city will be 9,000,000 in 1930. Manhattan island will then have 4,000,000.

Mrs. Helen Troy, of Auburn, N. Y., has been received into full membership of the Six Nations. She has devoted the last 14 years to study and research regarding the Iroquois traditions.

Baltimore's school board has under consideration the question of allowing corporal punishment in the public schools. The subject has been referred to a committee, to confer with the teachers.

Portuguese gardeners at Punta Delgada, on St. Michaels, Azores, are getting rich raising fine pineapples under glass for the New York market. They are the biggest and best that reach that town.

In the recent parliamentary election in Victoria, Australia, women cast more than 33 per cent of all the ballots polled. This was the first election in which women were allowed to vote for members of the state parliament.

It requires many hands to clothe the New York woman and some women outside of the city, for there are 96,163 employes in the metropolis working on women's clothing and their yearly output is valued at $261,049,287.

Owing to the rapidly growing population of Germany, especially in the industrial cities and towns, and the relative scarcity of productive land, the nation becomes each year more dependent upon foreign countries for its food supply.

The cup St. Jacques, which, in New York, is a dessert of delight with its peaches, cherries, pineapple, orange and citron en compote in delicate ices, becomes in Paris a wretched compound of sliced sour apple in mushy show.

The project for building a new iron railway bridge across the Neva in St. Petersburg has now been worked out, and the bridge is to be begun without delay. The bridge will be of an extremely simple pattern, and its length is to be 1,750 feet.

French lights are the best along the shores, say the navigators. They are posted low, close to the water line, and so do not mislead like the Italian pharos perched high above the sea. They have the best lenses and are always visible.

The last statement of the interest bearing debt of the United States makes the total $897,253,990, while the gross bonded indebtedness of New York city at its last statement was $905,260,115. The metropolis is carrying $8,006,125 more than the nation.

Mrs. M. E. Read has just celebrated the 25th anniversary of her service as passenger agent at Ardmore station on the Pennsylvania railroad. She is said to have performed her duties in a manner highly satisfactory to both the public and the railroad.

Bagdad and Bassorah are excellent prospective markets for motor boats and pleasure craft. The possible buyers, however, will pay no attention to catalogs, as they wish to see a boat itself, feel it go through the water and enjoy the noise made by the engine.

American granite is being shipped to Europe. Not long ago 320 tons of blue granite from South Carolina were sent to Aberdeen, Scotland. It required 11 cars to transport the stone to Charleston, S. C., from the quarries. It will be manufactured into monuments.

One of the grocers of Paris has been found guilty of contravening pure food requirements. He offered for sale eggs of three kinds, described as "fresh," "new-laid" and "today's," but as even the last named came from Russia the authorities instituted proceedings and he was fined $100

Men and Crops Grow Rich Along the Gulf Coast of Texas

The Gulf Coast of Texas—where men and crops are rich. There are enough men and farms already there to prove it—men from every part of America, out of every rank in life—not only farmers from other sections, but lawyers and doctors and clerks and merchants —who have changed their locations and changed their luck. You can do what they have done.

Men Like You Already Have Changed Places—Changed Luck

A CROP OF ONIONS ON THE GULF COAST
Raised on ground that used to be ridiculed. Now men who live there enjoy health and wealth as common assets

The only thing that can hold these wonderful lands from making a profit for you is outright laziness and neglect. If you want to improve your income and improve your health and improve your outlook, it's surely worth the effort of one letter of inquiry about the possibilities and the cost of land and the openings for new business in the recently opened richest section as yet developed on the continent.

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Give me some idea of your present prospects and employment, and learn of men who were in your exact position only a few years ago, and who with the same experience as that which you now possess have made good and have made good money on Gulf Coast land.

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The best way to the Gulf Coast and other points in the Great Southwest is by Frisco Lines. Low rate success seekers' excursions first and third Tuesdays of each month. Write me today and I will send you full information about this wonder country, about the crops you can raise, the profits you can make and about people already there who live in homes of their own.

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From the Latest Paris and New York Styles.

These patterns are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2459—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, with or without back yoke facing. Any of the season's shirtings may be used in this style. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3203—Ladies' Waist, with high or low neck and full length or elbow sleeves. Crepe de Chine silk or satin develop to advantage in this model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2995—Girls' Dress, with long or three-quarter sleeves and with or without bretellas. Fine lawn or organdie are most charming developed in this style. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

3208—Childs' Coat, with removable shield. Any of the light weight materials will make up well in this style. 4 sizes—2 to 8 years.

3213—Ladies' Yoke Skirt, closing at front. This model was developed in dark blue cheviot, trimmed with jet buttons, 5 sizes—22 to 30.

2857—Ladies' Seven Gored Tucked Skirt. Venetian cloth, china broadcloth or cashmere will make up well in this skirt. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2362—Ladies' Dart Fitted Open Drawers, with circular or straight ruffle. This model is adaptable to lawn, muslin or any of the sheer white materials. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2572—Ladies' House Gown, with attached four-piece skirt. Linen, gingham or percale are adaptable to this style. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

3200—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress. Eolinne, foulard or any of the light weight materials make up well in this style. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

3198—Misses' Semi-Princess Dress. The model as illustrated was made of navy blue serge trimmed with blue braid and steel buttons. 3 sizes—14 to 18 years.

2641—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, Madras, linen or lawn make up well in this style. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3199—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with long or three-quarter sleeves. An excellent model developed in satin, crepe-de-Chine, foulard or silk. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3188—Girls' Sailor Suit, consisting of an over-blouse closing at the side and a one-piece plaited skirt joined to a waist. A neat frock for school developed in red serge trimmed with white braid. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2981—Child's Envelope Apron, slipped over the head and closing with button at each side. Any material suitable for aprons will develop well in this style. 5 sizes—3 to 11 years.

3197—Ladies' Five-Gored Yoke Skirt, with box-plaited flounce. A perfect style skirt developed in pongee, mohair, Venetian cloth or Taffeta. 5 sizes—22 to 30.

2919—Ladies' Eleven-Gored Skirt. Any of the season's suitings would develop well in this style. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

3190—Misses' Russian Blouse Coat. An attractive model developed in serge or mohair. 3 sizes—14 to 18 years.

2809—Boys' Shirt-Blouse and Knickerbockers. The blouse having back yoke and with or without permanent turn-down collar. The blouse will be well developed in linen and the knickerbockers in serve or chambray. 5 sizes—5 to 13 years.

2886—Ladies' Empire Slip or combination corset cover and petticoat, in ankle length and with straight or circular flounce. Any of the sheer white materials may be used for this model. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

3108—Ladies' Night Gown. Lawn, cross-barred muslin or dandelette will make up well in this style. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

His Earthly Task.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Do you think the deacon will be entirely happy in the hereafter?"

"Why not?"

"I feel the good man will feel lonely with no church mortgage to lift."

Paint Without Oil

Remarkable Discovery That Cuts Down the Cost of Paint Seventy-Five Per Cent.

A Free Trial Package Is Mailed to Everyone Who Writes.

A. L. Rice, a prominent manufacturer of Adams, N. Y., has discovered a process of making a new kind of paint without the use of oil. He calls it Powdrpaint. It comes in the form of dry powder and all that is required is cold water to make a paint weather proof, fire proof and as durable as oil paint. It adheres to any surface, wood, stone or brick, spreads and looks like oil paint and costs about one-fourth as much.

Write to Mr. A. L. Rice, Manuf'r, 57 North St., Adams, N. Y., and he will send you a free trial package, also color card and full information showing you how you can save a good many dollars. Write today.

NATIVES CHANT 'AMERICA' AS ROOSEVELT LEAVES JUNGLE

Gondokoro, Feb. 17.—Col. Roosevelt, Kermit Roosevelt and the other members of the Smithsonian African scientific expedition arrived here today. All are well and enthusiastic over their explorations.

Col. Roosevelt and the other members of the expedition have now passed through the most trying stage of their perilous African journey, and from now on will be in close touch with the outside world. For the past ten days they have been practically isolated in a wilderness so forbidding to the white man that it has not been invaded by the telegraph companies the only communication between its scattered villages being through natives.

The entrance into Gondokoro of the Americans was rudely picturesque, and nothing that British and native hospitality could suggest was lacking in the welcome. The arrival of the expedition in the outskirts of the town was heralded with bugle blasts by Chief Kerina's bugle band, which led the van. Chief Kerina accompanied his musicians.

The native party met the expedition 16 miles to the south, and en route here did it all the honor that could be gotten out of their instruments of brass and Indian drums.

Reaching the town the band struck up "America," which, happening to be the British national air, suited the occasion. Belgian marches were interspersed. Following the musicians, a native porter carried a large American flag. Then came the caravan proper. Colonel Roosevelt, Kermit, the other American hunters and scientists, and the body of native porters who have had an important if humble share in the work of exploration.

Waiting on the Bar-el-Jabel was the launch of General Sir Reginald Wingate, sirdar of the Egyptian army, and from the vessel were flying the stars and stripes. Mr. Roosevelt boarded the launch at once upon reaching here, and after a brief rest began the reading of his mail. Many communications awaited him.

NEGROES SHOOT WHITES

Militia Called to Prevent Furthur Bloodshed by Menacing Cairo (Ill,) Mob.

BULLETIN.

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 18.—Adjutant General Dickson received a telephone message today from Sheriff Nellis, of Cairo, stating he apprehended trouble tonight. General Dickson at once ordered Company M, of Champaign, to Cairo. The adjutant general left on a special interurban car for St. Louis, where he will take a train for Cairo.

Cairo, Ill., Feb. 18.—Thirty militiamen, members of Company K, this city, this morning patrolled the sidewalk in front of the Alexander county court house, where shortly before 1 a. m. Alexander Halliday, leader of a mob attack on the jail, was shot to death by deputy sheriffs, several of whom are negroes. Four other men, two of the them not members of the mob, were wounded.

Halliday, son of a former mayor of Cairo, lay for three hours dying beside the court house steps, with the temperature a few degrees above zero. During that time Sheriff Nellis, acting on orders received by telephone from Gov. Deneen, refused to permit any one to remove the wounded man, or to allow a physician to enter the enclosure.

The sheriff says he believed the man was dead. Militiamen who removed his body at 4 a. m. say it was warm, indicating that death had come but a short time before.

The Dead.

Alexander Halliday, 35 years old, dairyman, son of former Mayor Thomas W. Halliday, of Cairo; wounded in head and body.

The Wounded.

Samuel Wessinger, former policeman, wounded in head and shoulder, at St. Mary's infirmary.

John Maloney, brother-in-law of Mrs. Rose Maloney, whose purse was snatched by one of the negro prisoners sought by the mob; slight wound on cheek.

Horton Crehan, wounded in ankle; had stopped to see what was the trouble.

George B. Walker, the Associated Press correspondent, wounded in the leg.

Aroused Race Feeling.

Eight of the twelve deputy sheriffs whose shots killed Halliday and wounded the others were negroes.

The deadly volley which the sheriff's men fired from the windows of the sheriff's and circuit clerk's office on the first floor of the court house, was in answer to scattering shots from the crowd, and after the deputies, in obedience to the sheriff's order, had fired one volley in the air.

The mob fell back to two saloons adjoining the court house and jail, and remained there until the saloons were closed, shortly after 3 a. m. on an order of Mayor Parsons, caused by a message from the governor at Springfield.

Woman Fired at Negro.

Mrs. Rose Maloney's purse was snatched Wednesday evening. She drew a revolver and fired at the negro, but he escaped with her purse.

In the purse was a silver dollar to which a postage stamp had become attached. Mrs. Maloney told the police of this fact, and when a negro offered such a coin in a drug store yesterday, he was arrested.

The prisoner, John Pratt, confessed that he had taken Mrs. Maloney's purse and also that of Mrs. Accord. He said Lincoln Wilson was his accomplice, and Wilson, a negro, was arrested.

Sheriff Nellis heard talk of mob law yesterday afternoon and at 10 p. m. the sheriff called up Governor Deneen at Springfield.

An order was sent to Cairo for Captain Greany, of the local militia company, to go to the sheriff's aid. There was delay in finding Greany and arousing the militiamen.

The sheriff called on Mayor George Parsons for aid from the police. The mayor said he would order some of the night force to assist Nellis, but none of the eight night policemen appeared at the court house.

Plot to Storm Jail.

From 10 p. m. until midnight the crowd gathered in the saloons, and talk of lynching grew into the determination to attack the jail and take out the two negro prisoners.

The building itself was dark and the mob could not see the sheriff and 12 deputies standing guard with shotguns at the windows of the two offices on either side of the main entrance.

As the crowd rushed toward the steps, Sheriff Nellis called loudly: "Stand back, or my men will fire on you!"

The first four men in the crowd, Nellis declared, had handkerchiefs over their faces. Nellis drew a revolver and shouting a command to fire he shot over the heads of the mob.

The deputies, who had been ordered to fire their first volley in the air, did so. As the sound died away pistol shots began sounding from the crowd, and bullets struck around the sheriff.

Mob Falls Back.

Then came the second volley. Halliday, who had started up the steps in advance of his fellows, was felled by the charges from at least two shotguns.

He fell over the railing of the court house steps, and lay silent in the snow. The others fell back hurriedly, carrying the wounded men in the rush for safety.

From a saloon, where a physician dressed the wounds of the four men, a telephone message was sent to the sheriff's office. Nellis answered the telephone.

"We want to send over and get that man who is lying there," came a voice from the saloon.

"You can't come until I've talked to the governor," was the reply. Nellis called up Springfield and told Gov. Deneen that the man in the snow was dead, as he believed him to be. He asked whether he should permit the body to be removed.

The governor advised him, Nellis says, to wait until the militia came, and to take no chances on a ruse which might result in a renewal of the mob's attack. When the next message came from the saloon, Nellis told his questioner that every one must keep away.

Early in the day Company K relieved Sheriff Nellis and soon had matters fully in hand. The town is excited and residents assert that the end is not yet.

A heavy guard of soldiers has been placed around the jail and no one is allowed to enter the jail yard. The Effingham company will arrive today.

Never Forgot Murder.

The mob spirit has never died here since the murder of Miss Anna Pelley, a shop girl, last November, by a negro and the subsequent lynching of a negro and a white man.

The double lynching which aroused the anti-negro sentiment in Cairo, culminating in the mob outbreak last night took place on the night of November 11 last.

The body of Miss Anna Pelley had been found in an alley, and there was evidence that she had been attacked and murdered.

William ("Froggie") James, a negro, was arrested on suspicion, after a hunt for the murderer in which bloodhounds were used.

At night a mob formed and took James from the jail. He was hanged in the public square and his body riddled with bullets.

The mob, which numbered thousands, also took from the jail and lynched Henry Salzner, a white man, who was held on a charge of wife murder.

Governor Deneen rushed state troops to the scene. These restored quiet and prevented the lynching of Arthur Alexander, another negro suspected of complicity in the Pelley murder. The man was spirited away to Champaign for safe keeping and afterwards released on proving his innocence.

John Pratt, one of the negroes was arrested yesterday, and it is said he confessed that he had snatched the purse of Mrs. Maloney. He was indicted by the grand jury after he had been identified by Mrs. Maloney.

Trial Bottle Free by Mail

FITS

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, Spasms, or have children that do so, my New Discovery will relieve them, and all I ask is to do is to send for a Free Trial $2 Bottle of Dr. May's

EPILEPTIC CURE

It has cured thousands where everything else failed. Guaranteed by May Medical Laboratory under Pure Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Guaranty No. 18971. Please write for Special Free $2 Bottle and give Age and complete address.

DR. W. H. MAY, 548 Pearl Street, New York

Three Option Buggy Buying

Those who are about to buy vehicles and harness will be interested in the new Three Option system of ordering vehicles recently adopted by the Wilber H. Murray Mfg. Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, for the benefit of their patrons.

In ordering from the ordinary catalog, most people experience much difficulty in selecting the style of vehicle they like, equipped with the exact accessories, trimming and painting as they may need.

In the new 1910 "MURRAY" style book of vehicles and harness, this is made easy., as the purchaser is given his option on three groups of construction.

The first group consists of accessories that may be substituted for the regular accessories, or changed in size, without increase in price.

The second group comprises additional accessories and changes from the regular for which there is an extra charge.

The third group contains changes and omissions of accessories for which deduction is made from the regular price.

Another unique feature of this catalog is that the styles of harness particularly suitable for the diferent styles of vehicles precede each series of vehicle styles.

The new "MURRAY" style book contains 192 pages, 345 illustrations, is beautifully bound, and contains helpful information for buggy buyers.

Our readers may send for this free book to The Wilber H. Murray Mfg. Company, Cincinnati, Ohio., 359-365 E. 5th st. They sell at prices consistently lower than other houses offer direct to the consumer—on four weeks trial—with a two years' guarantee on every vehicle. They also insure safe delivery.

Do Women Stutter?

Rosalind seemed to doubt the possibility in "As You Like It." Thus (Act III., scenes 2) to Celina: "I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of the mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow mouth'd bottle: either to much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings."—The Sun.

Over the Scenic Highway in a Tourist Sleeping Car

That is the title of a dainty little booklet (free for the asking), which tells all about the advantages of "going tourist" over the

Northern Pacific R'y

Our electric-lighted, leather-upholstered Tourist Cars are *different* from the ordinary and there are several privileges to be enjoyed that are unusual—for instance, all trains carrying Tourist Cars provide dining car service a la carte—cuisine famously good.

Colonist Fares in effect March 1 to April 15

$25.00 from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior; $33.00 from Chicago; $32.00 from St. Louis; $25.00 from Kansas City and Omaha $37.50 from Toledo to the Pacific Northwest.

Similar reductions on through tickets from all Middle West, Eastern and Southern points.

These low one-way second-class colonist tickets are honored in Tourist Cars upon payment of berth rate—about half the Standard Sleeping Car rate

C-3

If you are going to Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon or British Columbia this spring, let me tell you about the colonist fares and our daily through Tourist Sleeping Car service from Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and St. Louis.

J. J. GARTNER, Trav. Pass. Agent,
40 E. Fourth St., Cincinnati.

A. M. CLELAND, Gen. Pass'r Agt. St. Paul

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

FIND BODY IN RIVER

Former Defaulting Banker Is Probably Suicide.

Logansport, Ind., Feb. 19.—The body of John F. Johnson, former president of the State National bank, of this city, was found floating in the Wabash river today.

Johnson served six years in prison following his confession that he had embezzled $550,000 of the bank's funds. Recently he had been a grain broker. It is presumed he committed suicide.

GETS NICE LITTLE DIVIDEND

$4,050,000 Is Rockefeller's Quarterly Share.

New York, Feb. 16.—By the action of the directors of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey in declaring yesterday a dividend for the quarter amounting to $15 a share, John D. Rockefeller will receive, on March 15, a check for $4,050,000. The oil magnate owns 27 per cent of the stock of this big corporation.

There has been distributed in dividends since 1898, $451,722,000, of which Mr. Rockefeller received $118,179,440. Since 1882, when the trust agreement became effective, the profits of the corporations have been $1,100,000,000, from which there has been set aside a surplus fund aggregating about $300,000,000.

Yesterday's dividend is the same as declared at this time last year. In 1904, $16 a share was declared, and in 1903 and 1902, $20 a share.

U. S. SILK BILL $165,000,000

Women Wear More and More of It Every Day.

Washington, Feb. 21.—Her imperial highness, the American woman, is wearing more and more silk every day, and more than ever she is wearing American-made silk in preference to the manufactures of foreign lands.

During last year it is estimated by the United States government officials the value of silk used by the country was approximately $165,000,000. Of this enormous sum $132,000,000 represents the value of home manufactured silk used in the United States, the balance, $33,000,000, being the value of silk imported into the country during the year.

Raw silk imported in 1870 amounted to 738,331 pounds. The figures for 1909 were 22,250,000 pounds. Measured by value, the growth has been from $4,000,000 in 1870 to $74,000,000 in 1909. In the same period the average price per pound of raw silk decreased from $5.25 to $3.33, or 37 per cent.

CRETE BADLY SHAKEN

Earthquake Topples Buildings and Buries People in Ruins.

Canea, Crete, Feb. 18. — A severe earthquake was felt throughout Crete at 6:38 this morning. It was accompanied with violent subterranean explosions. In this city a number of buildings were damaged, and a minaret of the mosque crashed through the dome.

In the village of Varipetre a house collapsed, burying six persons in the ruins.

MULTI-MILLIONAIRE SAYS HIGHER LEARNING IS WASTE

Chicago, Feb. 19.—Richard T. Crane, father of Charles R. Crane, who was recalled as Minister to China before he was fairly started on his way, has published at his own expense a book frankly telling just what he thinks of professional educators and their institutions. Mr. Crane, who is a large manufacturer and a multi-millionaire, began life as a poor boy and never had the advantages of education. Here are a few of his views:

"College professors and teachers are prepared to give advice on all subjects. As $2,000 a year teachers they tell us how to turn out $5,000 and $10,000 a year business men. Isn't it a bit strange that it never has occurred to these smart college fellows to go into business for themselves? Why draw a small salary for telling young men how to draw big salaries if you are capable of drawing the big salary yourself?"

"I believe that I have shown clearly that higher schoolling does not make either brains or ability. And as these are the only things that count in any of life's activities, what use can we have for the higher schools?"

"It is conservative to estimate that the expense of higher education to this nation must be at least $100,000,000 a year. And this enormous sum is literally thrown away, much to the injury of the country and its people.

"This vast waste of money means blood drawn from the people, blankets taken from their beds, food from their tables, coal from their cellars, clothing from their backs—all in the line of sacrifice on the altar of higher education.

"If the professors can tell us how to raise corn or build bridges or dig tunnels or run factories or manage stores, then in the name of common sense let us give them a chance to show us how these things should be done."

Mr. Crane gives a chapter to Andrew Carnegie, quoting from Mr. Carnegie's "Empire of Business," in which the ironmaster says that the facts seem to justify the conclusion that "college education as it now exists is almost fatal to success" in the domain of industry.

"As a matter of fact," writes Mr. Crane, "Mr. Carnegie's chief idea in establishing his schools was to immortalize the name of 'Carnegie,' and in order thus to perpetuate his name, he calls upon thousands of the youths of this country to sacrifice eight of the best years of their lives and considerable money in acquiring an education which, when he established his schools, Mr. Carnegie himself roundly and deliberately condemned."

Mr. Crane declares that one of the greatest fallacies of the times is the popular belief that the college man is better than the non-college man—"other things being equal."

How can other things be equal, he asks, when the man who has not been in college, and the rest of it, is in practical experience several years ahead of the college man to begin with?

The educators lambasted Crane tonight. "Ridiculous," "Absurd," "An old man with an obsession," were some of their comments.

"I can sum up my whole opinion in a few words," said Prof. Charles F. Judd, head of the University of Chicago College of Education. "Prof. J. McK. Catell of Columbia university published an article a few years ago in which he proved that in the study of sugar alone university men have saved the country more than the entire cost of all the universities and colleges in the United States. Mr. Crane is today using in his plant machinery and methods devised by college trained men.

"Here in 'Who's Who in America' the tables show that 69.76 per cent. of the persons listed in the edition for 1903-5 had the advantage of college training. Of this number 56.03 per cent. were college or university graduates and 14.01 per cent. had attended universities and colleges, but were not graduated.

"This is an argument in a nutshell in favor of higher education."

2-YEAR TOIL WINS BET

Rich Man Labors to Win $10,000 Wager.

St. Louis, Feb. 16.—"I had a pretty hard time winning the $10,000 bet I made two years ago with A. V. McKell, owner of the Elmira, N. Y., Courier, that I could save $400 in two years working as a laborer for a laborer's wages," said Elmer E. Von Vleet, a wealthy resident of Elmira and a student of sociology, last night as he left the dairy of A. W. Dudley at Maplewood, Mo., on the outskirts of St. Louis, and took a train for Elmira to collect the amount of his wager.

"Only two of the 11 men who employed me during that time treated me as if I was a white man. One of these was a St. Louisan and the other was my last employer in St. Louis county. I was not sick during the entire period, but I lost three of my teeth. My muscles are like rocks, my hands are as horny as the proverbial farmer's and my health has been greatly improved.

Shows What Man Can Save.

"Last Saturday when my two years expired and I had won the wager, I ceased to pass as Elmer Grey, the name I assumed when I started out to demonstrate what a thrifty man could save on the customary small wages paid for unskilled labor.

"I am especially proud of my achievement owing to the fact that I accomplished my purpose during hard times, when not only was work hard to get, but prices of food and other necessaries of life were advanced to a point that caused a general protest from consumers. Still I intend to tell, in the story I shall publish of my experiences, what a life the average laborer must lead even when he is doing his best to climb the ladder of prosperity.

"I held no job longer than five months, according to the terms of the wager. I started out with $5 in money and nothing else worth over $20. I took nobody into my confidence and was employed at nothing but physical labor, clerical work being barred.

First Job $5 a Month.

"I got my first job at Columbus, O., the day I arrived there, handling potatoes for $5 a month. Next I worked 10 days as a grader at Cincinnati. Then I lived at Aurora, Ill., nine months. Fourteen months ago I came to St. Louis, where I first secured employment from Benjamin Helger, of 2336 Bircher street, caring for his horses. From there I went to work as dairyman at Maplewood, securing employment there by answering a 'want' advertisement in a St. Louis newspaper.

"Saturday night, when my account at the dairy was balanced, I had $459.75 to my credit. I wired McKell informing him that I had fulfilled the terms of the wager and had won it. He telegraphed me that he was willing to accept my account book as proof of my achievement."

BANDITS TAKE $10,000

Four Heavily Armed Men Rob Illinois Bank.

Chatsworth, Ill., Feb. 16.—Four unmasked bandits, heavily armed, blew the safe of the Citizen's bank here and escaped with $10,000. Cashier Frank Kerr states that they made a clean sweep of all the cash in the building. The loss is covered by insurance.

Night Marshal William Cahill was taken unawares at the city pumping station about 1 o'clock in the morning by two of the desperadoes. He was bound, gagged and taken to a garage opposite the bank.

Mr. Kerber, a baker employed in a confectionery next the bank, while going to the bakeshop, was caught, tied hand and foot and dragged into the garage. There he lay until 4 o'clock, when he was able to loosen himself and gave the alarm.

In the meantime the safe door was blown open, presumably with nitroglycerin. With the $10,000 safely stowed away in a sack the robbers entered a rig, in which they are supposed to have come to town, and drove east.

Stephen Herr, president and owner of the bank, was immediately notified. He told the sheriff's office at Bloomington, and the chase commenced.

Cahill says he saw only three robbers, but is confident there were four in the party. One, he says, was rather tall and the other two short and heavy set.

Kerber describes the robbers as five in number, three abnormally short men and two tall ones. Cahill and Kerber, though under guard, were able to watch the proceedings across the way.

The bandits opened the front door of the bank with skeleton keys. Shortly afterward there was a smothered explosion, followed at intervals by three others. Then the burglars emerged and fled after conveying Kerber to the bank building, leaving him tied there and Cahill in the garage.

Most of the funds of the looted institution are kept on deposit with larger banks. A bottle which had contained nitroglycerin and a copy of a St. Louis paper bearing date of Feb. 13, were found on the floor of the bank building.

A Physician Cures His Wife of Consumption

The same treatment will be sent to any Consumptive or Sufferer from Lung Trouble Free to Test.

"My wife was down with Consumption when I ordered a bottle of Alcsol (Lloyd). She was very weak from night sweats, cough and in a feverish condition. I noticed a change for the better after ten days' treatment and from that time on up to three months when the cure was completed. Alcsol (Lloyd) kills the Tubercle Bacillus in the blood and tissue and it is the only remedy so far discovered that will do this. It is a preventative as well as a cure. It should be used by those who are run down or those who fear the approach of Consumption. It can be truthfully said that Alcsol (Lloyd) for the cure and prevention of Consumption is the most wonderful compound of the present age.

"DR. W. H. KNIGHT, Swampscott, Mass."

This is only one of hundreds of similar letters from leading physicians and grateful patients we have received.

So sure are we Alcsol (Lloyd) is a successful treatment for Consumption, Lung Troubles and Chronic Bronchitis, and that you will feel its beneficial effects inside of fifteen days, we will gladly send a full month's treatment to any sufferer who will send us their name and address.

Take the treatment fifteen days, according to directions. Should results be such as to make you certain a continuance of Alcsol (Lloyd) will cure you, you are to remit us $5.00 for same and continue the treatment. If, after taking treatment for fifteen days, you are not satisfied with results, you are to return unused portion of treatment to us and no charge will be made for that which you have used.

Judd Q. Lloyd, the eminent scientist who discovered this wonderful preparation, was on December 15, 1908, awarded a diploma of merit by the London Society of Science, Letters and Art of London, England, in recognition of his valuable services to mankind in discovering Alcsol (Lloyd).

You take absolutely no risk whatever. Alcsol (Lloyd) must be entirely satisfactory to you before you pay us one cent. The burden of proof is entirely on us. What Alcsol (Lloyd) has done for others it must do for you. Send your name and address today to Restorall Chemical Co., 600 Lloyd Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Shall we Rejoice

Gladness comes with a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed and assisted by the pleasant laxative remedy Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

Its beneficial effects are due to the fact that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

GET MORE FOR YOUR FUR Sell us your furs, ginseng and hides. We pay more for them than any other buyer in any other town or city in the world. Furs or hides bring from 10 to 50 per cent. more here than if you send them elsewhere and twice what you can get at home, no matter where you live. If you trap or buy for send today for our big free catalogue, trappers' guide and market report. Free for the asking and worth many $$ to you. Write today; this may not appear again. Gorry Hide & Fur Co., P. O. Box No. E 27 Gorry, Pa

NO HAIR NO PAY We grow hair on baldest heads. Only requires a short time to stop falling hair and cure any scalp disease. Enclose stamp. Particulars free. E. B. JACKSON & CO. DEPT. Y 14 KALAMAZOO, MICH.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Whether system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. FREE TEST TREATMENT including medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address FRANK WHEELER, M.D. Dept. S. American Express Building, Chicago.

FITS I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS to send for one of my large-sized 16-ounce bottles FREE DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 59, Kansas City, Mo.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great, Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy, Safe, normal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO. It relieves some of the longest, most obstinate ab-

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED. My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure does it and FREE SAMPLE proves it. STOPS THE ITCHING and cures to stay. WRITE NOW—TODAY. Dr. Cannaday, 243 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

BEAUTIFUL RING Gold-Plated, For only 10c; Special Big Value Offer. Only one to each person, to introduce our Diamonds Watch, Ring and Silverware catalogue. Address SENECA CO., Dept. 14 Chicago

FITS CURED NO CURE NO PAY—in other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. German-American Institute, 981 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men to introduce Poultry and Stock Powders. Steady work. GRANT CO. 3 Springfield, Ill.

LADIES SEWING at home, making Shields. Material furnished reliable women; $12 hundred; stamped envelope particulars Dept. A-21 Wayne Supply Co., Detroit, Mich.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE. PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 39 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WE PAY $90 A MONTH SALARY and all expenses to introduce Poultry and Stock Powders. Steady work. GRANT CO. 3 Springfield, Ill.

WANTED! Young Men! Railroad! Brakemen, Firemen, Motormen, Conductors. Experience unnecessary. Instructions by Mail. Send for application blank. Give age, and name position. I. Railway C. I. No. 38. Indianapolis, Ind.

PILES If you are afflicted with piles in any form write for a free trial treatment of Infallible Pile Tablets, and you will ever bless the day you read this. Infallible Tablet Co., Dept. 13, Marshall, Mich.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY Book of descriptions and photos mailed sealed. FREE. The Exchange, Box 829 E. E., Kansas City, Mo.

MUDLAVIA Mud Cure the greatest American health resort. Cures easily and naturally Rheumatism, Kidney, Skin and Nerve troubles. Big Hotel—open all year. Send for book. Address R. B. Kramer, Pres., Kramer, Ind.

LADIES Our new "Protector" is safe and sure; price $1. Every woman wants one. Made of silk rubber. Fairbank Supply House, MM 60 Wabash, Chicago

Post Card Portfolio of Passion Play Free Send 30c for a five months' trial subscription to Successful Farming and I will send you 10 beautiful Birthday and Greeting Post Cards and tell you how you may earn quickly my beautiful Post Card Portfolio (35 scenes) of the world renowned Passion Play, of the Life of Christ. E. T. MEREDITH, 76 Tenth St., Des Moines, Ia.

FREE RELIEF

It is needless to suffer from Eczema, Red Nose, Black Heads, Ringworm, Prickly Heat, Psoriasis, Piles, Scabies and Chafing. Glorio Salve (Free Sample), instantly relieves and conquers them. THE GLORIO REMEDIES CO., 80 Broad st., New York City.

FREE! Fortune can be told from childhood up, past, present, future—cause of failure—key to success given. I know your every heart throb. Three 2c stamps and birth date gets a free reading. I can astonish you. Madam Irene, 113 E. Second st., Kewanee, Ills.

WHY REMAIN where the climatic conditions are so much against you, when you can purchase the richest land at lowest prices, in the county of Manatee, on which you can raise abundant fruit and vegetable crops the entire year? A tenacre farm here will net you as much as a hundred acres in the northern states. Delightful climate, no droughts, convenient to markets, abundant labor, good schools. Goods shipped from Florida are sold at the highest prices in the northern markets. Locate in the land of Manatee, establish a fruit and vegetable farm and become independent. Booklet and full information upon request. Write to J. W. White, Gen'l Inds. Agt., S. A. L. Railway, Norfolk, Va.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make $20 per week and $3 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up showcards in conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars. ROYAL REMEDY CO., London, Ont., Canada.

YOUNG MEN WANTED to prepare for next railway mail, customs and postoffice examinations; $600 to $1,000 yearly; short hours; common education sufficient; political influence unnecessary. Write immediately for schedule of spring examinations. Candidates prepared free. Franklin Institute, Dept. P., 37, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—Custom clerks; excellent salaries; preparation free. Write for schedule showing places of spring examinations. Franklin Institute, Dept. P. 37, Rochester, N. Y.

TOBACCO HABIT cured or no cost. Safe, pleasant, permanent. Physicians astounded. Greatest discovery of century. Send your address at once. Ni-Ko Works, No. 14, Wichita, Kansas.

NEW four-sieve strainer and "No Splash." Samples free to agents. Send 2c stamp. Cost of mailing; $25 profits daily; let us prove it. SEE'S, 1503½ Duane St., New York.

FREE—Your fortune told from cradle to grave. What I tell comes true. Send birth date and three 2c stamps to B. Gooley, Box 59, Norton Mills, Vermont.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills; always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

PURE WHISKEY at 50 cts. a gallon. Information free. Pacific Agency, Box 600, Bandon, Ore.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR.

THE ONLY WAY

I AM SURE there never was a healthy-minded girl in the world who did not want to be popular.

What will make us popular? asks Hope Canby in The Delineator for March. Well, there are dozens of things that would be helpful. I know one girl who added a great deal to her popularity by learning to tell fortunes by palmistry. No one seriously believed in them, nor did she; but it was always interesting and made fun and conversation.

Another girl I know has a sweet voice. She has never had it cultivated, but she has learned a number of lovely and very simple old-fashioned songs, Scotch, Irish and English, which she is willing to sing when asked. Another has a fund of good stories, which she jots down and remembers, and tells at the right moment. Another, who has very little money, still manages generally to be the most daintily-dressed girl in any gathering. Another girl is an especially good dancer; another has cultivated pleasing and gracious manners.

Most of these accomplishments are within reach of every girl, yet they do not touch the real root and reason of popularity. To be lastingly popular there must be things deeper and better than these.

There must be, first of all, kindness, and plenty of it. The popular girl must be tactful; and tact is nothing in the world but kindness. The very word "tact" means touch. If we want people to like us, they must know that our lives are not aloof from theirs, but that they touch, and touch them kindly.

Others will tell you to dress neatly and becomingly; to speak softly; to cultivate powers of conversation and observation; to read books of high life; to go to the theater and see plays of high life and observe how the thing is done there; never to be "loud" or vulgar; never to be conspicuous; to cultivate any talents you may have. All this is good advice, I am sure, and will help immensely; but I would say to you that beyond all these things other things are needed. Be kind; forget yourself; read good books and think nobly; strive to express whatever is good in you, and, finally, bring all the beauty of every kind into your life that you can.

"IF WE WANT PEOPLE TO LIKE US, THEY MUST KNOW THAT OUR LIVES ARE NOT ALOOF FROM THEIRS, BUT THAT THEY TOUCH, AND TOUCH THEM KINDLY."

There is the most valuable bit of writing contained in the suggestions for popularity you have just read. And because it is so valuable, I have repeated it, sort of "rubbed it in," so to speak.

Kindness is a key to happiness for yourself and to happiness for others. To keep in touch with people is another key. Keeping in touch with people means the wholesale "in touch" business. It means in touch with every one with whom you come in contact, even if you do not consider them "your kind." You are hide bound and limited when you confine yourself to one kind.

Give out kindness and plenty of it; keep in touch with the whole grand family, and you will have all sorts of popularity and friends.—Elizabeth.

MORNING THOUGHTS

I've made the discovery that from our letters may come the best kind of Morning Thoughts, and so, when I find a thought for the top o' the morning tucked in with the many helpful words that are sent in to The Blade from all over the country by our letter writers, it is going to be used where it will do the most good. That's one of the latest things I've been thinking. You know I've told you that while your entire letter may not be published, some way, some time, its message will come into the paper. Watch for yourselves.—Elizabeth.

SUNDAY

Look to the one who helps bear all our troubles. Pray to Him daily, and He will lead you in the right way and give you strength to bear your burdens.—Dora Hope of Indiana.

MONDAY

This is a good old world, and when its people find you are trying to do your duty, they will help you.—Illiana of Illinois.

TUESDAY

I believe in praising our friends while they are living and not wait until they are dead to heap flowers on their caskets.—A Happy and Contented Wife from West Virginia.

THURSDAY

I am very lonely, I am in pain most of the time. Yet I try to keep sweet. This is, I believe, the secret of a happy life.—Aunt Patience of New York.

FRIDAY

The next thing to being a child oneself is to often come in contact with children, and, as we grow older, borrow from their innocent youthfulness, while never letting our weight of years burden them in the least, thereby harming them to benefit ourselves.—L. E. F. of Texas.

SATURDAY

I am not only married to my husband, but to my home also. My home is my throne.—Contented Home Wife of Ohio.

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

BY ELIZABETH

THAT business woman who talked to me a week or so ago about "a hot-bed of gossip," has been talking again, and I've been listening. It strikes me she is getting garrulous. This time her observations related to the names, customs and manners of some babies with whom she seems to have been cultivating an acquaintance. Anyway, I was led to think this from her remarks, and doubtless you will think so too, after you read this report of them:

"It has happened," she said, "that lately I've been brought in contact with babies, more than I ever have in my life before, and I find them most interesting. I really begin to feel like writing a book and calling it 'Babies I Have Known,' or 'Real Babies I Have Met,' or something of that order.

"The thing about the real babies I've met of late that has caused these reflections, is their names. I wonder if there is any special significance in a name, or if it has any influence on the character of the individual possessing it," she said, reflectively. "Old names seem to have been chosen for the babies with whom I have recently become acquainted," she went on, "names like Nancy, Jane, Ann and Melissa, the sort of names that make you think of old-fashioned nosegays, not bouquets, but nosegays. They are names, too, which seem to hark back to the sturdiness of the women who lived when the country was young. I suppose there are places still left where one may go pioneering, and perhaps, the names of the very young ladies I speak of, point to their destiny, though, of course, whatever that may be, is far in the future.

"The baby named Ann, I've only 'heerd tell of,' as my grandmother used to say. Baby Jane is another I know only by report. She is a recent arrival in the hotel where I live. Her name was ready made and waiting for her—an' it chanced she be a girl—when she was registered in for breakfast,' a few days ago. Good, strong-sounding name, that of Jane. I'm glad she has it.

"Melissa is a bouncing young thing whose age is numbered by months to the total of 16. Melissa is the kind of a child that grows on you. At first you don't think so much about her, but gradually she begins to sink in, and you know she is all there. Melissa's hair is of an auburn hue, and not much of it, and she has the peachy complexion and blue eyes that go wth auburn tresses. So far, she is rather capricious, and the way she flirts with her father is something scandalous.

"Then there is Nancy. Now Nancy is the eldest of the quartet I've been mentioning. She must be at least two and a half years of age, and she

Photo by McKecknie & Oswald, Toledo.
LITTLE BOY JOHN.

has settled habits and ways that make her a bit tyrannical. At the same time she is a most lovable and cuddlesome little maid, and she will let you hold her and squeeze her all you want to. She acts as if she likes it, the rascal.

"Nancy's walk betrays the fact that she fully realizes her importance. To glimpse her from the back as she goes down one of the long halls in the house we both live in, makes you feel as if it were your place to beg pardon for taking up space. Nancy is the sort of a little maid that the word 'sonsie' applies to.

"She has a younger brother with the good name of Ralph. He is still at the in arms stage of life, and, as yet, he does not receive quite so much attention from beholders as does Nancy, but he's coming on. The big eyes of him when he sees his sister being made much of, show that he is going to be a force to be reckoned with in the near future.

"Last, but not least, in my gallery of babies is little boy John. At a very early age, as they write in the biographies, John discovered he had a backbone. Immediately after making this discovery he began to make use of it, and sat up with ramrod effect. He began to be self-assertive much younger than most babies, and he let it be known that he didn't want to be a baby, he didn't like to be a baby, and he wasn't going to be babied any longer than he could help. He is a child that wants to do things for himself, no matter how often he falls down and has to pick himself up and begin over. Little boy John walked for some time before he talked, which indicates, I think, he is going to be a man of deeds and not of words.

"I find the study of babies is most interesting. Each one is a character, an individual, and this attaching of old names to new babies is interesting, too. As I previously remarked, I wonder if it has any special significance. However that may be, I am glad I've been getting acquainted with babies.

"Bless the babies, I say. Somehow they make you want to be good."

DID you ever notice how some homely little bit of home life or incident will cling in your memory through years after it has passed? And sometimes, when you are alone and you sit a-thinking, the homely little incident will come back and shape its sound and picture more clearly and distinctly than greater things you may have experienced.

There is something that often comes back to me when I sit alone and a-thinking, and that is the picture of my father, and the sound of his voice singing an old-time tune. He knew many quaint, old tunes, and he was frequently singing. Where the quaint old songs he sang came from I do not know. They were one of the many things connected with my father I accepted without thought of inquiry, but they must have had a long history.

Of the songs he sang, the one that comes back to me the clearest is the one that tells about old dog Tray. It has nothing but homely words, set to a homely melody, in a range that does not go outside of an octave. Often when he sang it he accompanied himself on the piano with an arrangement of chords in whose left hand part he made no change, no matter what may have been the modulations of the treble. The song my father sang that comes back to me so often is this, as nearly as I can remember:

"Old dog Tray is ever faithful;
Grief cannot drive him away,
He is gentle, he is kind,
And you'll never, never find,
A better dog than old dog Tray."

As I write it, the tune comes along with the words, and again I hear my father singing.

Perhaps you may never have stopped to think of how nearly every day of your life some little incident connected with by-gone days of home, a home which may be with the departed, flashes through your memory. It is the simple things we seem to remember the longest; some quaint way of father or mother, and when home quaintnesses come back, even though they are but fleeting visions, they leave one a little tenderer, a little sweeter for having held them in mind.

Watch yourself sometimes, and you will find this is true.

POETS' CORNER

ONE OF OUR LETTERS

AMONG OUR requests for poems published a short time ago, was a request for the answer to the old-time poem, The Gypsy's Warning. Among other responses to the request came this letter from the author of the poem wanted:

The Toledo Blade:

Dear Sir—I saw in the Poet's Corner of The Blade a request for this song, which I send you. It was composed by me, when a boy of 16 years, in, or just after, the war of the rebellion. I composed it while alone, cutting brush on my uncle's farm. The song of the Gypsy's Warning had just come out and my head was full of it, hence came these verses. Of course, I would be flattered to see them published in your paper, which I used to read in the time of Petroleum V. Nasby.

Hoping you will publish the song, I remain, Respectfully yours,
H. H. BEEBE, Olean, N. Y.

The poem follows:

THE MAIDEN'S REPLY

Stranger kneel not thus before me,
All thy pleadings are in vain,
For I've heard the Gypsy's story,
And my love thou canst not gain;
And I know thou are not truthful,
True to me would never be;
And while yet so young and youthful,
List I not to such as thee.

Thou dost say that thou dost love me,
Know that I believe it not,
For there's one in heaven above me,
Pointing me to thy false heart;
And she says thou wilt deceive me,
And in sorrow lay me low;
Warns me never to believe thee,
Ne'er on thee my hand bestow.

Wouldst thou know the one that warns me,
'Tis thine angel wife dost tell,
Of the grief that would surround me,
If with thee I ever dwell;
When on earth she truly loved thee,
Cruel treatment thou hast shown;
Now in heaven so far above thee,
Her bright spirit now has flown.

Cease thy flattering, vile deceiver,
Smoothest words avail thee not,
For I'm but a just believer,
That of such a class thou art;
And my heart is strong within me,
I despise thy flattering tongue;
Now begone, thou canst not win me;
Never more to me return.

Gypsy lady, now I bless thee,
For the warning thou hast given,
'Tis my prayer that God will place thee
With the ransomed ones in heaven;
Since thine object was not money,
And my gold thou didst refuse;
When thou art needy I'll not shun thee,
Thou my love shall never lose.

ON, ON, ON, THE BOYS

COME MARCHING

Author Unknown.

Tune—Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.

Oh! the day it came at last,
When the glorious tramp was heard,
And the boys came marching fifty thousand strong;
And we grasped each other's hand,
Tho' we uttered not a word,
As the booming of their cannon rolled along.

CHORUS.

On, on, on, the boys came marching,
Like a grand majestic sea;
And they dashed away the guard,
From the heavy iron door,
As we stood beneath the starry banner—free.

Oh, the feeblest heart grew strong,
And the most despondent sure,
When we heard the thrilling sound we loved so well,
For we knew that want and woe,
We no longer should endure,
When the host of Freedom reached our prison cell.

Oh! the war is over now,
And we're safe at home again,
And the cause we fought and suffered for is won;
But we never can forget,
Mid our woes and mid our pain,
How the glorious Union boys came tramping on.

CHORUS.

Yes, yes, yes, the boys came marching, etc.

GENERAL WOLFE

Author Unknown.

When ancient Romans did lament,
And Nero's death caused discontent,
So may England now complain,
How chief, General Wolfe, was slain,
Mourn, England, mourn.

CHORUS.

Mourn and complain, our chief, General Wolfe is slain.

This matchless hero of value great,
Was called abroad, which proved his fate,
When at Quebec he scorned to yield,
He smiled at death and took the field,
Mourn, England, mourn.

When at Mt. Calm he climbed so high,
As fierce as any roaring lion,
He called his men and bade them stand,
Saying, "Britains will fight with sword in hand."
Mourn, England, mourn.

When Montcalm he did behold,
He acted like a soldier bold,
And when the French did him spy,
Saying, "yonder comes Wolfe,
He must fight or die!"
Mourn, England, mourn.

While Wolfe lay bleeding on the field,
Britain's sons did scorn to yield,
Like lions bold they did advance,
And took Quebec in spite of France.
Mourn, England, mourn.

When his dear mother saw she was left,
Of her brave son she was bereft,
These few lines she did compose:
"He fought and died for England's cause."
Mourn, England, mourn.

"MY DREAMS OF LONG AGO"

By Roy D. Cobb.

In the twilight, oh my darling,
It is then I long for you;
All my thoughts are of you sweetheart,
Wond'ring if you still are true.
When it's moonlight, then I miss you,
And in fancy you are near;
I would give my all to see you,
And to hear you call me "dear."

When it's twilight then I am longing,
Longing, sweetheart, just for you;
It is then, dear, that I miss you,
Will my dreams love, e'er come true?
Memories of days now gone, dear,
Seem to swiftly come and go;
As I sit alone and ponder,
O'er my dreams of long ago.

Gentle breezes softly whisper,
That you love me and you're true;
And in fancy I am roaming,
Down the paths—that we both knew,
But you're gone and soon 'tis faded,
This fond dream of love so true;
And I love these twilight hours,
Bringing memories of you.

FOLLOWING THE CALF

Sam W. Foss.

A poem with a moral for all slaves of precedent.

One day through a primeval wood
A calf walked home, as good calves should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.

Since then two hundred years have fled,
And I infer the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day,
By a line dog that passed that way;
And then a wise bellwether sheep,
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep.

And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bellwethers always do;
And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made.

And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;

But they followed—do not laugh!—
The first migrations of that calf;
And through this winding woodway stalked
Because he wabbled when he walked.

The forest path became a lane
That bent and turned and turned again.
This crooked lane became a road
Where many a poor horse with his load

Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one.
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet,
That road became a village street,
And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.

And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.
Each day a hundred thousand route
Followed the zig-zag calf about,

And o'er this crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.

They followed still his crooked way
And lost one hundred years a day.
For this such reverence is lent
To well established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach,
Were I ordained and called to preach;
For men are prone to go it blind,
Along the calf paths of the mind,
And labor in from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.

They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in and forth and back,
And still their devious course pursue
To keep the path that others do.

ROCKABYE BABY

Author Unknown.

Rockaby baby on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall.
Down will come baby, cradle and all.

Cradle's not empty and baby's not gone,
If he were not here home would be lone,
Sweet little mouth and bright sparkling eyes,
Fill home with music, e'en though he cries.

Golden hair'd darling, our hearts would be sore,
If you should fly to the bright golden shore,
Now, precious angel, fold your bright wings,
List to the lullaby mamma now sings.

POEMS REQUESTED

We are asked for this temperance piece:

How dark in my mind are the scenes of my childhood,
When sad recollections recall them to me.

A poem asked for is John Brown's Invasion. It begins:

John Brown in Kansas settled,
Like a steadfast Yankee farmer.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

OUR YELLOWSTONE LETTER

Well, here I am again, as the clowns say in the circus, and, before resuming my description, I will say to girls in connection with the case "in doubt," don't run away with any man, unless you are badly abused at home. There are some such cases, but they are exceptional. Ordinarily, the best thing to do is to wait until you are your own mistress.

Now for the Park. August 2 we drove to the mammoth Hot Springs. There is quite a little town there, a large store, a hotel, barracks, and some other houses. There are four companies of U. S. cavalry quartered in different parts of the park. They constitute the park police. The most of them ride over the roads, either singly or in pairs. Each have a certain number of miles of road to patrol. There are always some of them on duty at every place of interest.

Everything bears the government stamp, U. S. It is branded on the horses' hoofs, and stamped on the freight wagons. All the supplies for the great hotels, where thousands of people are fed, are freighted from Gardiner in huge freight wagons, drawn by six large mules, and looking like they contained half a carload. The roads are sprinkled every day, by one or more sprinkler marked U. S. If this were not done the dust would be stifling. Everything is high priced, as it costs so much to get supplies into the park. Everybody is required to be in camp by 7 o'clock p. m., and not be on the roads, on account of wild animals.

To return to the Springs. From the hot water is a deposit that, perhaps, has been forming since the "foundation of the earth, when the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy"—no one knows how long that mountain, made up of a mixture of lime, magnesia and other chemicals, has been in the making. It covers an area of several acres and rises to a great height. It is almost impossible to describe it, so its appearance may be understood. We ascended by way of a steep slope. The crust was solid there but sounded hollow under our feet, and we could soon feel the warmth through the soles of our shoes. When we had gained the summit we found a number of immense cauldrons of boiling water, which continually runs down the sides of the mountain of lime, slowly adding to it. I put my fingers into the water at a point where it was not too hot, and, on withdrawing them, I found they were covered with a coating of white, very thin, of course, but it showed that the solution was very strong.

On one side the deposit was built up in terraces, one above another, like steps. There are several of these terraces, Jupiter terrace, Minerva and Mound terrace, I recall, but the whole thing beggars description. Photographs can only show a very small part. One cannot understand it until he sees it. After walking over and around this immense deposit until our eyes were dazzled by its whiteness, and our curiosity was gratified, we drove on. At one point an antelope ran across the road.

The next object of interest was the Hoodoos. This is a long canyon, filled with great black boulders, that look like gigantic potatoes in shape, and so immense in size that they made me think the strong god of the Greeks, Ajax, must surely have been amusing himself there by throwing them in. Glen creek runs down the canyon, and, after passing the Hoodoos, the scenery is fine. Rustic Falls is a pretty little cataract in Glen creek. We passed out of the Glen through the Golden Gate. Here the rocks are yellow, of course. We traveled on and camped for the night by Appolinaris Spring.

While my son was caring for the horses, my husband went to the spring and got some water. He tasted it, and on returning to the wagon where I was preparing supper, he very innocently inquired if I did not want a good cold drink. Of course I did, and he handed me some of the water. It was cold, but oh, my! such a taste! It is said to possess great medical properties, and if taste goes for anything, it certainly does, for I never took a dose of medicine in my life that tasted worse. We both laughed as soon as I was able to get my face back to its normal shape, and he enjoyed his sly, little joke very much. There was good water near by, and always plenty of fuel. Tourists are allowed to burn the dead timber, of which there is an incredible amount lying on the ground. One cannot realize how much there is to rot, until it is seen. Park rules are very strict in regard to putting out fires after cooking, for, if a fire was once started in those forests of pine and dead timber, it would be something fearful. More anon.—Fern Leaf.

SOME "THINKS"

Cozy Corner Sisters—My motto is, if at first you don't succeed, try, try again, and you see I am trying to live up to it. The letter before this went into the waste basket, or got lost on the way, and there was a post card in it, too, and that was a double waste. Post cards are such a variety now days. Elizabeth said we could write our "thinks" so I will write some of mine. First I think I am tired of some things, such as base or football, the north pole, Roosevelt's hunting and woman's suffrage. I think with St. Paul, that woman's place is at home. I think if she stayed at home and brought her children up right, it would amount to more in the end than it does to go around lecturing other children.

It makes me think of Mrs. Jellyby in Bleak House, she was always writing to, or for, the heathen in some far away place, while her husband sat in the corner. I suppose he was thinking their children ran about ragged and dirty. Perhaps they were hungry, too. I don't know what they were thinking, but it seemed her father was thinking seriously, for he put on his silk stovepipe hat, his kid gloves, and took his gold-headed cane, and walked the streets to keep up appearances, like some other people, I'm thinking. —Old Subscriber.

Think some for us when you get time.—Elizabeth.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to everybody for the letters I am receiving. The case of Cretia McIntyre and her sister women who spent a lonely Christmas, has been considered by a number of our members. The co-census of opinion is that a lonely Christmas day or any other day is needless, when there are so many whom a little kindness and attention would help and cheer. And with this opinion came the suggestion for the lonely ones to search within themselves to find the possible cause for a part of their unhappiness.

You who do not see your letters in print, please bear in mind that I see every one of them and read them carefully. From each one I get something that teaches me to know my great family better every day, and some day, some how, their teachings and messages are sent abroad through this page. You are helping me while you are trying to HELP ONE ANOTHER. Thank you.—Elizabeth.

The children are writing good letters to The Blade. We shall use these as we can, so put your best foot forward, little folks.

Minerva—I'm sorry I cannot put your request in the paper, but we should be swamped with such requests if I did. I'll send one myself.

I hope all the readers of the Household page are readers of the editorial page, also. It will keep you informed as to current events, and besides that it will furnish you with fun and instruction. It is page four. Go to it.

Don't forget to keep up your subscription. Read the announcement that appears on the editorial page the last week in every month.

Mail most recently discovered for the Cozy Corner contains letters from Contented Home Wife of Ohio, Dora Hope, Aunt Sadie, Zeb, Augusta H. Hemlock, Mrs. S. Iowa, Aunt Clara, L. E. F., Gale, T. B. from Ohio, Iliana, Princess Pine, Limestone Boy, J. E. Willits, Bunch, Love, and A Happy and Contented Wife from W. Va.

Princess Pine says—"I thoroughly enjoy reading the C. C. letters. They act as a healing balm when one is tired."

All letters for this page should have Household Editor written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

Mrs. J. H. S.—If you had sent your name and address, you might have had The Rolling Stone before now. Moral: Everybody come out from behind the bushes and sign their names when they write to Elizabeth.

GIFT SPOONS

The earliest article in domestic use for serving food was a spoon, and you may have noticed that spoons continue to be very popular articles in the home, so why not begin a collection for the baby in the family? A gift spoon bearing the baby's name and age begins a collection which may be added to from year to year, and continued indefinitely.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Greetings to M. G. R.'s—Yesterday my sister brought in the mail and along with it she brought a poor little faded post card that she said she found in the fence corner, and on the face of it was what had been the picture of a handsome building, and we made out faintly TOLEDO BLADE. On the other side we read a kindly message and Christmas greeting from Elizabeth, and because of the warmth and genial heartiness of the message it had withstood the cold and dampness of those seven weeks to add a little more brightness to a wintry day. No doubt it would have retained its warmth until I ventured forth for our first "mess of greens," when I certainly would have found it.

I often think of Elizabeth in the office, reading all the letters sent to the Household page. I used to have dreams in my school days of being editor of a woman's paper. You know we all have dreams like Maud Muller and the judge, and but few of us realize our first dreams.

I heard a physician tell a lawyer once, that he had wished to study law, and the lawyer said his desire had been to study medicine. My husband, who is a farmer, had dreams of being a member of the bar, and so it goes.

"Not what we would, but what we must,
Makes up the sum of living."
Heaven is both more and less, than just
In talking and in giving."

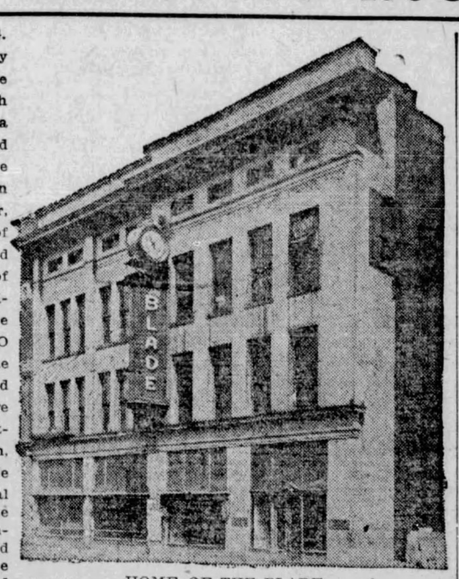
Riley, that great poet of the people, gives us hope in this:

"Heaven holds all for which you sigh;
There, little girl, don't cry."

—Audie, Union City, Ind., Feb. 10, 1910.

I am very much interested in the M. G. R. though I have not been bold enough to apply for membership until now. I think the motto and object are excellent, and I have read many interesting letters in the column. I have traveled quite a distance up in our northern states, but I would not give our little mountainous state of West Virginia for any of them. We have good water and fresh vegetation. I live one mile from the pretty town of Cold Water, and a half mile from the well-known Cold Water Springs, which have quenched the thirst of many a weary traveler. It never goes dry, not even in our severest drouths, and supplies water for man and beast.

Our town is situated on the Indian Fork river, which is noted for its abundance of trout. I live on a farm and think there is no life so pleasant as that of the farmer who tills the soil. I am a great lover of stock. A horse is my favorite animal. I think a horse is the best friend to man, and should be treated with the utmost kindness. Our farms would be of little use to us if we did not have horses to work them with. The important products here are wheat, oats, corn, rye and tobacco. We have also fine timbered land which is of great value. We have fruits of all kinds in abundance, and the most beautiful vineyards that can be found. There are many other things I could mention, but as this is my first visit I will try not to stay too long. With best wishes.—Country Lassie.



HOME OF THE BLADE.
The "Welcome" sign is over the door.

Some one suggested our writing letters describing the country and places of interest of which we have knowledge, so I will describe my home and country. I live in the county of Carroll, in the Old Dominion state. My home is on the plateau region of the Blue Ridge, near the thriving little town of Gladesboro. This country is very hilly and rough, but the soil is very productive. The principal crops are corn, buckwheat, rye and oats. Cabbage and potatoes are raised also in large quantities on most every farm. The nearest market is Mt. Airy, in North Carolina. It is about 20 miles away and the distance makes shipping very tedious and difficult over the rough, mountain roads. The forests of this country have been to some extent, especially the oak and pine forests, converted into lumber and shipped away. The chestnut timber, the young trees in particular, have been cut in enormous numbers for telephone poles, which support the wires that connect nearly every home in the country, so that friend may talk to friend, though separated by many miles. If I am welcome, I may drop in again some day.—J. Walter Worrell.

Will you permit a Honyock to join your circle? I live in Hardin county, South Dakota, near Slim Buttes, and about 20 miles from Buffalo, our county seat. This is a rather lonesome country. There were only two families living within several miles from my claim when I first came out here, but now it is beginning to be settled quite rapidly. Our nearest railroad town, Belle Fourche, is about 65 miles from here.

Wishing you all a good year, I will close for this time and sign the name I went by in college.—Curly.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Weather in Toledo at present time of writing: Much snow, and pretty crimpy as to atmosphere.

How are you all? I'm pleased to meet with you again.—Elizabeth.

We are pleased to say "thank you," for letters from C. W. K., May, Juanita and Paulita, Michigan Bach No. 2, Henrietta, Iola's Sweetheart, Snowbird and A Club Raiser.

Remember our universal motto: HELP ONE ANOTHER.

All letters for this page should have Household Editor written somewhere on the envelope.

Keep up your subscription and get more. I'm a regular cormorant when it comes to subscriptions. P. S.—What is a cormorant?

COST OF UNKINDNESS

There's a wonderful system of government that directs the affairs of human beings. If you do a good act a good act will be done you. If you deal out an injustice you will be afflicted with like punishment. None can afford to be unkind, for unkindness always returns, and in greater measure.—Record-Herald.

MEAT SUBSTITUTES

Cold Vegetables.

Left-over potatoes may be disposed of in many ways. Creamed potatoes are always satisfying, and, if rightly made, appetizing. Put two cupfuls of sweet milk in a frying pan and let heat; add one teaspoonful of butter mixed with one teaspoonful of flour; season with salt and pepper; stir until it thickens; have four or five boiled potatoes cut in small pieces, stir them in the milk ten minutes, and serve hot.

Another suggestion is to take mashed potatoes left from dinner; make into cakes, dip in flour or meal and fry, or add to potatoes, one beaten egg before making into cakes.

Fried potatoes as usually served may be varied by this method; Slice boiled potatoes, dip them in sweet milk, then in meal or flour and fry.

Or to the sliced boiled potatoes add some stale, dry bread broken into bits; season with salt and pepper and fry; just before taking up add one egg well beaten and stir well. Serve hot.

Left-over squash, fried corn, parsnips and salsify may be mixed with bread dipped in flour meal or crumbs, and crumbs seasoned, made into cakes, dipped in flour meal or crumbs, and fried or baked. Or chop, not too fine, vegetables left from a boiled dinner; season with salt and pepper; to three or four cupfuls of chopped vegetables add one-half cupful of water, one teaspoonful of butter, and heat slowly in frying pan. When done put into a hot dish and serve.

Nut Loaf.

One cup of English walnuts; one cup of dry bread or cracker crumbs soaked in one cup of milk; lump of butter, dash of sage and two well beaten eggs. Beat together and bake slowly in a pudding dish or in a double boiler. Serve hot.

Nut Meat Cakes.

To one cup of mashed potatoes add one-half cup of strained tomatoes, two eggs, one teaspoon of butter, one cup of cracker crumbs, one-half cup of crushed peanuts. Make into cakes and broil on buttered pan.

SWEET THINGS

Sour Cream Cake.

Two cups of brown sugar and three eggs mixed together. A pinch of salt. Two cups of sour cream, two level teaspoons of soda, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon, one-half of ground nutmeg fruit to taste rolled in flour. Add enough flour to make a medium, stiff batter. Be sure to try a "patty" cake before baking.—Helen Brockman, Millbury, O.

Coffee Fruit Cake.

One cup of butter, 1 cup of brown sugar, 2 pounds of raisins, one-quarter pound of pared citron, 1 large teaspoonful of spice, 1 teaspoonful of allspice, 1 egg, half a pint of black coffee (warm), 1 cup of molasses, 3 cups of flour, three-quarters of a pound of currants, 3 teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful of nutmeg and 1 teaspoonful of baking soda. Dredge all fruits with flour. Prepare the same as all fruit cakes and bake slowly.

Winter Cottage Pudding.

Make a white sponge cake and cut while hot into small squares and serve with warmed raspberries. For the cake use the whites of 6 eggs, 1 cup of flour, 1 cup of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, the juice and rind of one lemon, and a bit of grated nutmeg. Bake in a greased bread pan for 45 minutes.

SOME POINTERS

You women, if you would be free, make friends with men. Think of them and treat them as brothers and comrades, not as possible lovers or slaves.

A battle is never won by running from the fields. Stand by your guns, even when you think you are firing at a foriorn hope.

The noblest women are those who have gone through the darkest shadows.

The way to make women do something that is worth while, is to get them so mad, they will work like fury.

There is many a winding road we must travel before we find the way. And many a time when we think we have found it, we come against a blank wall where we have to back up and try another trail.

One sure way to get people to be good, is to make them want to be good.

There is nothing we cannot forgive one another if we are strong enough to forget injured self.

Most women know how to bring up the other woman's children better than she does herself.

You may rest assured that when you envy anyone who has what you think is an easy job, a long sentence to hard labor has been served in order to get it.

Keep clean-minded if you would be clean.—Elizabeth.

FINE POST CARDS FREE

A Big Package Sent to All Our Readers Who Write at Once.

To any reader of this paper who writes immediately and incloses 10 cents we will mail a set of ten most beautiful post cards you ever saw. Ten very finest Floral, Birthday and Motto cards, all different, in exquisite colors, silk finish, beautifully embossed, etc., for only 10 cents. Thirty cards all different 25 cents. With each order we include our plan for getting a beautiful Post Card Album and 40 choice cards free. Address The Art Post Card Club, 702 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

20 Beautiful Post Cards 10c

No Two Alike—Latest Designs

Lovely assortment of 20 Gold Embossed Easter, Friendship, Good Luck, Roses and Flowers in exquisite colors, all for only 10 cents, if you answer this ad immediately. J. H. Sermour, 203 W. Eighth St., Topeka, Kan.

AFTER FOUR YEARS OF MISERY

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"For four years my life was a misery to me. I suffered from irregularities, terrible dragging sensations, extreme nervousness, and that all gone feeling in my stomach. I had given up hope of ever being well when I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Then I felt as though new life had been given me, and I am recommending it to all my friends."—Mrs. W. S. FORD, 2207 W. Franklin St., Baltimore, Md.

The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has stood the test of years and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other female remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed.

If you are suffering from any of these ailments, don't give up hope until you have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. She has guided thousands to health, free of charge.

This Book is Yours

EVERY PERSON should possess a general knowledge of the formation of the eye and ear, and understand how to treat and care for them.

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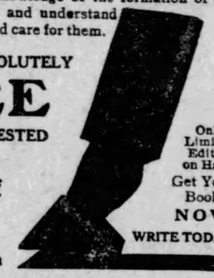

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My book is handsomely bound in cloth and contains 160 pages of most valuable information.

The book tells how to test and care for the eye and ear. An illustrated chart of the eye is shown, and methods for testing the eye are given; also the proper information for the care and cure of eye diseases is suggested.

Each part of the ear is illustrated with good pictures. Causes and forms of deafness are explained and remedies suggested. Instructions are given how to test the hearing, how to know whether you are suffering from any trouble with the ear, or may be threatened with such trouble. Thus you will find instructions in the use of a series of tests which will enable you, if you have ear troubles, to decide the amount and location of the defect in your hearing, and can therefore take proper measures for relief.

Help a Friend—If You Are Well and Strong

If You Know of a Friend Afflicted With Eye or Ear Troubles, Send for My Book So He or She May Be Benefited by the Information It Contains.

The facts I present are the result of personal contact with thousands of the most complex derangements of the eye, ear, nose and throat. If you know of a friend who is afflicted, recommend my book.

I want my book to spread the glad news that there is help for those threatened with blindness and deafness, and the knowledge contained in my book, if imparted to those so afflicted, may be the means of restoring them to healthful sight and hearing. I impose no obligations. I ask no favors. I simply want interested people to get my book. It is free. Write for it TODAY.

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Biel's New Nerve Tablets act on the vital organs like **Steam on an Engine.** They generate vital warmth and **nerve energy.** They make you feel strong, vigorous and full of **Natural Vim and Nerve Force,** which makes you equal to the duties of life. If you are weak, nervous, lack strength, energy, ambition, feel run down, worn out, or are restless, thin, have bad dreams, poor memory, or suffer with pains in the kidneys, liver, heart, side or shoulder, we will send you a **full dollar box on trial.** When you are satisfied that our Tablets **restore health and vitality,** then send us $1. You are not required to pay **one penny** if you are not perfectly satisfied that they will restore you to **Health and Strength.** Send your name and address and we mail you a **dollar box** at once.

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Health, Vigor, Happiness.

A trial treatment of a most wonderful remedy for the cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Kidney and Bladder troubles, or any form of Physical Weakness, etc., is being mailed absolutely free of charge by the celebrated Professor Fowler. This remedy goes straight to the mark and the sufferer does not have to wait a lifetime before feeling and enjoying its curative effects. Indeed, the most amazing results have been produced with these trial packages alone. All the sufferer needs to do to get strong, vigorous and healthy is to send his name and address to Professor Fowler and the medicine will be immediately forwarded to him in a perfectly plain package with nothing whatever to pay on it. Address: Prof. F. C. FOWLER, New London, Conn.

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Before you pay a cent, we will convince you that Manine permanently cures any drug habit. Guaranteed not to contain Morphine, Laudanum, Opium or any other habit forming drug. No money required in advance, a full month's treatment sent to those afflicted without one cent of deposit. Manine has cured thousands, it will cure you. Give it a free trial. You are to be the sole judge and at our expense.

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CACTI SALVE [Compound]

The Old Established and Reliable Remedy.

For Debility, Weakness, Lack of Ambition and the usual troubles of men who have lived too rapid a life. The common sense way to treat any feeble part of the body is by direct application. Try Cacti Salve it is absolutely harmless and guaranteed. Price $1.00, large box, 3 boxes $2.00. Trial box with an interesting literature (booklet) by sealed mail 10c silver. A customer writes: "Had I known of Cacti Salve earlier I could have saved hundreds of dollars spent with quack doctors." Don't delay; remember, one application positively proves its value. Cacti Specialty Co., 25 3d Ave., N. Y. City

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NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

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CAPSULES.

The *tasteless, quick* and *thorough* cure for simple and contagious vaginal and urethral discharges. Easy to take, convenient to carry. Fifty years' successful use. Price $1, at druggists or by mail from The Tarrant Co., 163 Chambers st., N.Y.

BARS DEAD FROM FRISCO

Supreme Court Ruling Upholds City Ordinance.

Washington, Feb. 21.—The validity of the ordinance of the board of supervisors of San Francisco prohibiting the future burial of the dead within its limits except that part under the jurisdiction of the United States was upheld today by the supreme court of the United States.

The Laurel Hill Cemetery company brought suit in the superior court of the state of California for the city and county of San Francisco. Relief was refused, and the state supreme court affirmed the decree.

Nervous Prostration

"I had a general breakdown. A gentleman advised Dr. Miles' Nervine, and I noted an improvement after a few doses, and two bottles gave me entire relief."

WM. R. BURKHARDT,
269 Rawling St., Washington C. H., O.

When the nervous system is weakened, one after another of the organs which they control become inactive, and a general breakdown eventually follows. It may be either the stomach, heart, lungs or kidneys that is first affected.

Dr. Miles' Nervine

makes weak nerves strong, by its soothing and strengthening influence upon the nervous system.

The first bottle will benefit; if not, the druggist will return your money.

FEARS PEOPLE'S WRATH

Leslie M. Shaw Advises Against Adopting Plan for Central Bank.

New York, Feb. 17.—"Let us not tempt a restless people by a deliberate attempt of congress to centralize financial power in a single city," said Leslie M. Shaw, formerly Secretary of the Treasury in a speech before the finance forum at the West Side Y. M. C. A. and arguing against the establishment of a central bank. Mr. Shaw said in part:

"The advocates of the central bank never fail to emphasize the importance of keeping such an institution out of politics and out of Wall Street. By so doing they hope to dispel the impression that the very purpose of the central bank is to centralize financial power in Wall Street.

"In a recent speech by the chairman of the committee on banking and currency, it was stated that the bill would limit dividends to 4 per cent. and expressly provide that the capital stock should be owned by banks throughout the country; ownership on the part of national banks being made compulsory.

Assure Wall Street Control.

"If the dividends are to be limited to 4 per cent, I think there is no strong interest in New York which will object to the stock being held in the country, and if it be held in the country, and scattered among the national banks somewhat in proportion to their capital, control by the affiliated interests of New York will be assured. There is no way by which control can be obtained and retained with such certainty as to place the ownership of the stock in the country correspondents of the big city banks.

"Where will their proxies be sent, if not to their city correspondent? It sounds well and it may deceive the thoughtless, but the plan was worked out by the thoughtful.

"It was further stated that the board of directors would be limited to geographical divisions so that each portion of the country would have representation. This ought to insure a local executive committee to manage the bank without much interference from the other 45 states.

"I am amazed that large financial interests should seek this additional and unnecessary centralization. I share no part of the popular prejudice against lower New York. I would as soon place the government of the United States under the dictatorship of John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan or E. H. Harriman in his life time, as under the dictatorship of Theodore Roosevelt, William H. Taft or William J. Bryan. One group is as unselfish as the other. One group loves power no better than the other.

Opposes Centralization.

"I believe in three co-ordinate branches of government and I do not believe in any of these branches controlling or seeking to control by coercion or otherwise, either of the other two. I am opposed to centralization, political, as well as commercial.

"I repeat, it surprises me that the large interests should now seek a central bank which must of necessity intensify prejudice. The South already believes that New York city controls the price of cotton. With a central bank the large interests of New York city control not only the price of cotton but the price of every other commodity.

"Clothed with such power, should a long period of industrial stagnation be our future lot, to what unjust and unmerited criticism may they not be subjected and what dire calamities may not be precipitated upon us all, in a misguided desire to get revenge upon a few. Would the central bank be out of politics then?"

PAINTED MANY PRESIDENTS

Henry Ulke, Aged Artist, Dies as Result of Fall.

Washington, Feb. 18.—Henry Ulke, 89 years old, whose portraits of presidents and cabinet officers gained for him the title of "Painter of Presidents," died at the Emergency hospital here last night of concussion of the brain, due to a fall at his home here last Saturday.

Ulke was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, and furnished part of the bed clothing of the martyred president's deathbed. He was boarding at the time of the assassination in the now famous Tenth street house, into which President Lincoln was carried after he was shot.

The last portrait Ulke painted was one of Robert Ingersoll at the request of Mrs. Ingersoll. One of his best portraits was of President Grant, which now hangs in the long gallery of the White House.

Among his famous portraits are those of Secretaries Sumner, Chase and Stanton, of Lincoln's cabinet; James G. Blaine John G. Carlisle and John Sherman. Five secretaries of war sat for him and their portraits are now in the war department building.

He was a native of Frankelstein, Germany, and came to this country in 1849.

THAW CRIES 'MURDER'

Tells of Dark Deeds at Matteawan.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Feb. 21.—Harry K. Thaw will begin a new fight for liberty Wednesday, but it will be a long route hereto unexplored by him in his many legal trips to get out of Matteawan state hospital.

On the face of the proceedings it appears simply an effort to be transferred to some institution other than that for the criminal insane and in order to establish his right to such transfer Thaw will produce evidence that, to say the least, will be startling.

His mother is the petitioner and she makes the allegation in her affidavit that her son's life is in constant danger, that his health is being undermined and that the institution in general is dangerous for her son's life and peace of mind. She states that she "has been informed and believes that some time ago one of the inmates killed one of the employes of the institution."

But a still more startling charge will be made, according to Charles Morschauser, Thaw's lawyer. This one is not included in the petition or any of the affidavits, but Morschauser said today that she had evidence that he would submit to the referee, and had held it out of the papers in order not to show his hand. He intimated that he had even more evidence than that to which he refers now.

"I will try to show," he said, "that a patient disappeared from that institution under most mysterious and unusual conditions. I will not give names now. But one night not so many months ago this patient, who was a robust man, went to bed in perfect health. I will produce witnesses who heard the man during the night moan 'Don't kick me, don't kick me; don't kill me,' then all was still. The next morning it was noised about that the man had suddenly died in the night. We will show that he was never seen again and what became of his body is still a mystery to the inmates and men I have had working on the case."

IRRIGATION BY U. S.

J. J. Hill Tells of Some Work That Is Being Accomplished.

J. J. Hill, in the February World's Work.

"Under the national law, 26 projects have been approved by the secretary of the interior, and construction has begun. Over $33,000,000 were expended in the first five years. The service employs 16,000 men and spends about a million and a quarter each month. Its completed canals now extend for nearly 2,000 miles. Some of the work is of stupendous magnitude. To reclaim 90,000 acres of land in South Dakota, the largest earth dam in the world is being built. A solid wall of masonry 325 feet high is rising to impound the waters of the Shoshone river in a reservoir covering ten square miles, by which 100,000 acres will be irrigated. The total area to be redeemed by projects now under way is about 1,600,000 acres. Other projects found feasible by the engineers would extend the reclaimed area to more than three and three-quarter million acres, at an estimate cost of $160,000,000. The receipts and expenditures of the entire service to December 31, 1911, are estimated in its report at $58,000,000 each.

"Progress under our system has been very rapid, for two reasons. Most of the country dealt with had already been surveyed, and the engineers were ready with their plans and estimates. The money also was ready, the fund having risen to over $23,000,000 by the time field work began. In 1902, when the bill became a law, about $200,000,000 had been invested or sunk in irrigation projects by individuals and corporations, and some 10,000,000 acres in the United States were already utilized in this way. Probably as much more is now being reclaimed in various western states by private enterprises."

Stops Neuralgia Pains

The shooting, tearing pains of neuralgia are caused by excitement of the nerves. Sciatica is also a nerve pain.

Sloan's Liniment, a soothing external application, stops neuralgia pains at once, quiets the nerves, relieves that feeling of numbness which is often a warning of paralysis, and by its tonic effect on the nervous and muscular tissues, gives permanent as well as immediate relief.

One Application Relieved the Pain.

Mr. J. C. LEE, of 1100 Ninth St., S. E., Washington, D. C., writes: — "I advised a lady who was a great sufferer from neuralgia to try Sloan's Liniment. After one application the pain left her and she has not been troubled with it since."

Sloan's Liniment

is the best remedy for Rheumatism, Stiff Joints and Sprains and all Pains.

At All Druggists. Price 25c., 50c. and $1.00.

Sloan's Treatise on the Horse sent Free. Address

DR. EARL S. SLOAN, BOSTON, MASS.

FIND MUMMIES IN MINE

Eleven Perfectly Preserved Bodies Discovered.

Cherry, Ill., Feb. 18.—Eleven bodies of miners were recovered from the St. Paul coal mine today. To the amazement of veteran mine inspectors, the bodies entombed since November 13, when brought to the surface were found to be almost perfectly mummified.

The mummified condition was brought about by the bodies having, during the three months, been in a part of the mine which was dry and warm and the bodies were going through a slow process of drying up.

"This is one of the most remarkable incidents of a disaster which has been full of wonders," declared an old mine inspector. "The mummies are in such good preservation that they might have been taken out of the ancient tombs of Egypt."

Fighting through fire and the deadly blackdamp which ever since the disaster has stood between them and the 165 or more bodies still entombed in the mine, the rescurers found the 11 bodies in what is known as the second level. They were about 175 feet from the main air shaft. The men, instead of retreating to remoter parts of the mine, evidently had made a desperate effort to escape when the fire broke out and they were among the first to die.

They were found with their arms stretched forward and face downward, having been suffocated as they ran, probably by a gust of heat and gas. Shut in air tight chambers when the mine was finally sealed up, they remained in a kind of an oven in which the temperature was a little above blood heat. Their clothing was so badly scorched and their features so badly disfigured by falling rock, that identification was difficult.

Fire is still raging in the mine. A new tunnel or entry, 150 feet long had to be cut around a fire area before the bodies were reached. As soon as this opening was made work was begun on barricading with concrete all the fire area. Four other bodies were seen in the same place and these soon will be brought up.

Deaf People Now Hear Whispers

Listening Machines Invented by a Kentuckian.

Invisible, When Worn, but Act Like Eye-Glasses.

Ever see a pair of Listening Machines? They make the Deaf hear distinctly. They are so soft in the ears one can't tell they are wearing them.

And, no one else can tell either, because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.

Because, they are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight-magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out, in a minute, just as comfortably as spectacles can be put on and off.

And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear lobes, they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They also protect any raw inner parts of the ear from wind, or cold, dust, or sudden and piercing sounds.

* * * *

These little telephones make it easy for a Deaf person to hear weak sounds as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And, the longer one wears them the better the hearing grows, because they rest up, and strengthen, the ear nerves. To rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.

Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear Nerves by making the sounds louder so it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make deaf people cheerful and comfortable, because such people can talk with their friends without the friends having to shout back at them. They can hear without straining. It is the straining that puts such a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

* * * *

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It thus makes the center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear drum that carries the sound to the hearing Nerves. When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times as easy to understand.

This is why people who had not in years heard a clock strike can now hear that same clock tick anywhere in the room, while wearing Wilson's Ear Drums.

Deafness, from any cause, earache, buzzing noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken ear-drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and cured (even after ear doctors have given up the cases), by the use of these comfortable little ear-resters and sound magnifiers.

A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people who are using them.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Trainmen, Workers in Boiler Shops and Foundries—four hundred people of all ranks who were Deaf, tell their experience in this free book. They tell how their hearing was brought back to them almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

Some of these very people may live near you, and be well known to you. What they have to say is mighty strong proof.

This book has been the means of making 238,000 Deaf people hear again. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't put off getting back your hearing. Write now, while you think of it. Get the free book of proof.

Write for it today to the Wilson Ear Drum Co. 783 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

HOPE FOR TAFT PLANS

Members of Congress Are Confident of Passing Big Measures.

Washington, Feb. 21.—The announcement from the White House that President Taft had by his own motion cut down to four the number of administration measures he would demand at the present session of congress is received by Republican leaders with unmixed feelings of relief. The administration program was so formidable that members who are warmly supporting the Taft policies hardly knew where to begin.

A schedule, including only the bills to amend the interstate commerce laws, provide for the regulation of the issuance of injunctions, start Arizona and New Mexico on the road to statehood, and validate the withdrawals of public lands for conservation purposes, is regarded as quite possible of attainment. Most of these measures, it is believed, can be put through the senate while the house is still wrestling with appropriation bills.

Agree on Postal Savings.

When it was reported at the capitol that the President would be satisfied with the enactment of the four measures named, steps were taken to bring all of these matters out of committees at the earliest possible date. The postal savings bank bill already is before the senate and an agreement between the supporters of conflicting amendments is assured. It is regarded as practically certain that the bill can be passed during the coming week.

Hearings have been closed by the senate committee on interstate commerce on the bill to create a commerce court and strengthen the existing laws for the regulation of common carrier corporations. The committee will meet tomorrow and at that time an effort will be made to report the bill at once.

Although the senate could not be ready to take up the railroad bill until late in the week, it is being argued by members of the committee that the bill should be reported so as to have it printed. As soon as the postal savings bank bill is out of the way, the railroad bill will be made the order of business.

REPEL THREE ATTACKS

Nicaraguan Insurgents Hold St. Vincente.

Bluefields, Nicaragua, Feb. 18.—General Mena telegraphs from St. Vincente a plantation between Lamanga and Acoyapa, that he occupied St. Vincente and held it against three attacks made by the government forces Tuesday. The fighting began at dawn and continued for five hours.

Confirmatory telegrams have been received from other provisional officials in the field, one of whom declared his belief that Bluefields will be able soon to celebrate the occupation of Acoyapa, which 12 miles from St. Vincente.

When Gen. Mena occupied Lamanga, a few days ago, it was reported that the enemy had been withdrawn from Acoyapa, and was hurrying to intercept Gen. Chamorro. It is now explained that 400 of the enemy, upon receipt of the news of Gen. Mena's approach, hastened toward St. Vincente to reoccupy the fortifications which they had erected there some time before. However, Gen. Mena was the first to reach the point of vantage, which he successfully defended. Gen. Mena and Gen. Zeledon, who now have three Maxims and two Hotchkiss guns, depended almost entirely upon their artillery, and lost only three wounded. The report adds that the enemy's loss is not known, which seems to indicate that the government forces are still before St. Vincente and that further fighting may be expected.

Gen. Matuty, with 300 provisionals, is expected to join Gen. Mena today. A letter from Gen. Chamorro to Gen. Estrada, under date of January 3, confirms the report that Chamorro avoided engaging the enemy at La Libertad and by a circuitous route marched to Muymuy. The letter adds that Captain Godfrey Fowler, the American commanding the artillery of the insurgents, was captured by a foraging party of the enemy, but later rescued by Chamorro, unharmed.

PINCHOT IS SUSTAINED

Trolley Line Into Canyon Is Prohibited.

Washington, Feb. 21.—The project for a scenic railroad into the Grand Canyon of Arizona has been turned down by Forester Graves. In taking this action Graves backs Pinchot, and the case has now been taken up over Forester Graves' head.

When Forester Pinchot refused to recommend the project James R. Garfield, then secretary of the interior, backed up Pinchot. There is a general rule against any such entry as this, which might mar the natural beauty of national parks. Pinchot and Garfield refused to make any exception in this case.

When Forester Graves last week backed up Pinchot the promoters went to Secretary Ballinger, who succeeded Garfield. The promoters say that Ballinger was not opposed to it, but told them that he had nothing to say, since the forester was now under the secretary of agriculture.

So then they went to Secretary Wilson, of the agricultural department. Secretary Wilson referred the report of Forester Graves back to him for reconsideration. It is with Graves today. He is now expected to make his reconsidered report early this week. W. Oppmann, of Cleveland, heads the scenic railroad company. He has enlisted the favoring attention of Senator Morton and others of the Ohio delegation. Representative Cassidy went with him to lay the case before Secretary Wilson.

Oppmann says his railroad will not mar the natural beauty of the Grand Canyon. He appeals for it on behalf of those sightseers who weigh over 150 pounds and who hesitate to trust themselves to the back of a burro for a trip down into the canyon.

A bill to permit the building of the scenic railroad is now before congress. Oppmann says the line is to run cars similar to automobiles and that the line would cost nearly $1,000,000.

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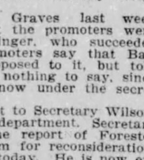
On a Manure Spreader If You'll Let Me

This is just a little ad—but a postal will bring my **Big Book**—and give you my $50.00 Saving Price and Special Proposition. You can save as much answering this little advertisement as if it covered a page.

My Spreader positively will do better work and last longer than any Spreader made—no matter what the price—so why pay $50 more? **40,000 farmers have stamped their O. K. on my spreader and money-saving price.** My Special Proposition will interest you. Just a postal addressed to Galloway of Waterloo, Iowa, will bring you everything postpaid.



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CANNON TELLS OF HOBBY

Styles Himself the Original Evangelist of Conservation Bill.

Washington, Feb. 16.—"Unanimous consent" to talk five minutes more was accorded the "gentleman from Illinois" at the National Press club last night, after the speaker of the house of representatives had consumed his allotted 10 minutes in discussing his "hobby." It was "hobby night" at the club, and Mr. Cannon had followed Willis L. Moore, chief of the weather bureau; Dr. Harvey Wiley, of pure food fame; Gifford Pinchot, formerly chief forester of the United States; Commander Robert E. Peary and Representative Champ Clark, of Missouri, each of whom had discussed his hobby.

The club's large assembly room was thronged with members, who heard the speakers' discourse to them collectively far more interesting than they had ever been able to induce them to talk when being interviewed. Especially striking was the talk by Speaker Cannon, who said in part:

Watches Hobbies of Others.

"Now, my hobby in my little circle has always been to stand by and watch other people's hobbies. If the weather bureau had had full course to run and glorify, it would have spent over 10 times in the public service what it has.

"In the fullness of time the pure food law was passed. I was pictured as a bad, bad Injun; I was denounced, and I traced it down, not to Dr. Wiley, but to people who were very close to him, sending out the news that I was the fly in the ointment, that I was holding up the pure food bill. Jim Mann was the most powerful factor in passing that pure food bill through the house. Long before it was reported I said to him, 'I am a member of the committee on rules and when you get ready, if you need a special order reported to the house to enable the majority to consider that bill, you will get it.' I did not say anything more about it, and I was pilloried in the Chicago Tribune, the Indianapolis News and pretty nearly all the metropolitan papers, as being the obstacle in the way of that bill.

First Conservationist.

"Now, let us come to the conservation hobby, and it is a hobby. Why, when Mr. Powell was at the head of the geological survey, Stewart, of Nevada, in the senate and I in the house were the evangelists for the passing of the original conservation bill. We bit off more than we could keep, but as a result of it the surveys were made under the direction of Mr. Powell, by virtue of that law and appropriation, and the reservoir sites were reserved, and every improvement of that kind being made by the government today is utilizing the reservoir sites that we reserved.

"Now Pinchot does not know that. Sometimes scientists and conservation people run wild. Pinchot is an awfully able man. You said, Mr. Chairman, that he is still chief forester. Well, he is chief foretser in the estimation of the people, but he is not 'still.' An uncomfortable subordinate! So is Wiley. Why, Champ (addressing Representative Clark), if in the providence of God you had been president and had a cabinet, and you had had under you two men in subordinate positions like those men, they would have been out of the public service in a holy minute, because they were the whole shooting match, and the secretary had great trouble in being secretary.

As to Mr. Roosevelt.

"Theodore Roosevelt is a great man—the greatest press agent I ever knew. He is the most popular man in the United States in my time save Lincoln, and more popular than Lincoln was when he was alive, more popular than Grant was when he was alive. As a member of the house I co-operated with Roosevelt. Yet, through the influence of some of our specialists the country at large believes that I stood in Roosevelt's way, that I was the fly in the ointment.

"Oh, that tennis club! My God! and yet, under Roosevelt's leadership, with a house and senate fairly in harmony with him, there was more legislation and better legislation during his term of office of little less than eight years than in any other 16 years of our history, save alone the period of the Civil War and that which followed.

Would Cost Us Billions.

"But suppose we had written into law, Brother Clark, all that he had recommended in all his messages! Why, it is a thousand million dollar congress annually now. If Pinchot and Wiley and Willis Moore and all those other specialists had had their way and Roosevelts' message had materialized into law, let me tell you, Mr. Champ Clark, the budget would be $2,000,000,000 every year."

With well wishing for the hobbyriders, Mr. Cannon said: "Long may our successors live to take these apostles who are pushing ahead, each one looking through his gimlet hole in the universe and the universe is to each individual according to the range of his vision. They are splendid servants of 90,000,000 of people, but would make infernally poor masters."

WEST DEMANDS VISIT

Roosevelt Is Urged to Cross Continent.

New York, Feb. 19.—The west is "after" Col. Roosevelt, and it is going after him in the real western way regardless of expense or anything else. When the colonel steps off the launch at Khartoum on the Nile he will find waiting for him a stack of engrossed invitations which call for the return of the ex-president via San Francisco and all the other western cities.

Fred G. Bonfils is the man who will deliver the invitation of the west. Mr. Bonfils, who is a wealthy newspaper owner of Denver, sailed today for Cherbourg on the American liner St. Louis beginning a 10,000 mile race with Khartoum as the objective point. Mr. Bonfils hopes that the invitations which he bears will cause the colonel to alter his plans and return to this country by way of San Francisco.

Some weeks ago the paper owned by Mr. Bonfils suggested that if the west really wanted to be first to welcome Col. Roosevelt on his return to this country it might be a good thing to make the invitation general and present it in a proper manner.

The answer was immediate. The movement was taken up by chambers of commerce all over the west. Resolutions were passed inviting Col. Roosevelt to enter the country from its western boundary, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Denver and Kansas City wheeled into line at once, backed up by all the small centers of population.

"There is no political significance in the move; none whatever," said Bonfils, "and I am going 10,000 miles to tender this invitation, because I know that the west will give Col. Roosevelt the greatest welcome that ever waited for a traveler."

Makes European Plans.

Berlin, Feb. 19.—Former President Roosevelt replying to an official inquiry, telegraphed to the Foreign Office from Gondokoro today that he expected to be in Berlin between May 1 and 11, coming here from Paris, which city, contrary to expectations here, he will visit first. He will be in the French capital during the last few days of April.

Mr. Roosevelt has an engagement in London for May 15 and so will be obliged to leave Berlin a day or two before that date. Nothing has been decided yet regarding the manner in which the distinguished American will be entertained here.

FREE TREATMENT FOR HEART DISEASE

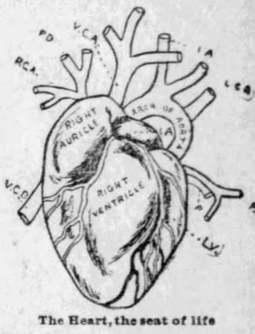
We are giving away **ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE** a regular full course of our world famous treatment for the **Heart and Nerves,** also our fine, illustrated book telling all about the causes of these diseases and how they can be **permanently cured, BOTH FREE**—to all who are troubled with Palpitation, Fluttering or Skipping Beats of the Heart, Headache, Short Breath, Dropsy, Asthma, Stomach and Kidney Trouble (often caused by weak Heart), Constipation, Dizziness, Nosebleed, Numbness, Sinking Spells, Pain in Heart, Side, or Shoulder Blade, Nervousness, Trembling Twitching, Nightmare, or a general weak, vital-less run-down, condition.

If you have any of these sure symptoms, **something's wrong with your Heart, and this fine treatment is just what you need.**

Six out of every ten persons have Heart Disease! Sixty thousand people die of it every year. They doctor the Stomach, Kidneys, or Female Organs when all the time it's really the Heart that's causing all the trouble, and that's daily getting worse though they don't even suspect it.

Lots of people make this mistake, they say, "It don't amount to anything—it' my stomach, I guess,—it will go away of itself," and some day all of a sudden they drop dead of Heart Disease, just as you read about every day.

Don't take any more chances, no matter what you may think your trouble is, no matter if some common doctor has said you can't be cured; be fair to yourself, give us a chance, and **write today for this complete course of free treatment and book.** We will send both by mail in plain package, securely sealed, post paid and there will be



The Heart, the seat of life

L. V.—Left Ventricle.
L. C. A.—Left Coronary Artery.
I. A.—Innominate Artery.
V. C.—Vena Cava.
P. D. & P. S.—Arteries to the Lungs.
A.—Aorta.

NO CHARGE WHATEVER

for it in any way. Please remember, this isn't just a little "sample" or "trial," neither is it "patent medicine," but a **generous, genuine, course of treatment,** and it's yours gladly and freely, just for the asking—because we want to show you **without cost** what it will do.

It has cured—we don't mean just helped, but **cured**—thousands of cases of Heart Disease—many of which had been pronounced hopeless.

Don't let the chance go by—accept our offer NOW! It's made in all sincerity and friendliness from our true desire to send this free help to every sufferer who needs it.

Our offer is absolutely, completely HONEST, *as the Publisher of this paper will gladly tell you.*

Answer all our questions carefully, write your name and address plainly in the Coupon, cut them both out and mail to us ***today.*** *We will send you* ***the full course of free Treatment and Book at once.***

Address,

HEART CURE CO.,
Associated Specialists in Heart Disease
332 Masonic Bldg., Hallowell, Me.

What is your age?
How long have you had Heart Trouble?
Does your heart flutter?
Does it ever skip beats?
Does your Heart palpitate?
Do you sta t in your sleep?
Are you short of breath?
Do you have numb spells?
Do you have weak, dizzy or sinking spells?
Are you nervous, irritable, weak and run down?
Do your feet, legs or ankles swell?
Does your stomach have an "all-gone" feeling?
Have pain in your heart, side or shoulder blade?

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Heart Cure Co., Heart Specialists,
332 Masonic Building, Hallowell, Maine.

Please send me postpaid and entirely free of charge, your course of special treatment for my case, also your free book.

MY AGE IS .....
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

WANT PEARY TO PROVE IT

Some Congressmen Not Quite Sure He Found Pole.

Washington, Feb. 18.—Members of the house may demand that Robert E. Peary exhibit his proofs to the world in general before voting him a gold medal and thanks of congress. It was learned yesterday that the naval committee is not entirely unanimous on the proposition of bestowing honors upon the discoverer of the pole.

One of the leaders of the house, who declined to allow the use of his name, said that he was opposed to accepting the proofs of Mr. Peary that he discovered the pole merely because the National Geographical society had accepted them. He charged a preconceived prejudice in favor of Peary on the part of the society, and said that before congress took this step the verdict of this society should be confirmed by other scientific bodies of the world.

Several members have expressed opposition to the proposed Peary honors, and one or two have threatened to discuss vigorously the matter on the floor if it is brought up there.

"TYPHOID MARY" IS FREE

Doctors Thought She Was Walking Reservoir for Germs.

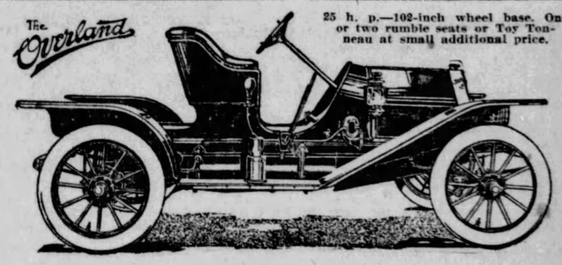
New York, Feb. 21.—"Typhoid Mary," whose real name is withheld at the request of the New York health authorities, is a free woman again today, after having been confined in city hospitals off and on for three years, because physicians said that she was a living receptacle for typhoid germs and a menace to public health.

She is a cook and is considered particularly dangerous in that capacity, as likely to transmit disease, but with the understanding that she cook no more. Health Commissioner Lederle announced yesterday that the department had decided to release her.

The case is unique in medical records. After repeated cases of typhoid were discovered in families for whom the woman had cooked, the authorities made an investigation, which resulted in her detention on the theory that she was a walking reservoir for typhoid germs, harmless to herself, but easily communicated to others.

The Overland

25 h. p.—102-inch wheel base. One or two rumble seats or Toy Tonneau at small additional price.



This Car for $1,000

This is how an enormous output has cut the cost of Overlands 20 per cent.

In our largest factory—once the great Pope-Toledo plant—we are turning out eighty Overland Models No. 38 per day.

We are making under one roof nearly every part of the car. And every machine in the factory is adapted to this particular model.

In this way we are saving about 20 per cent. We are giving for $1,000 a better car than the Overland, which last year sold for $1,250.

Yet last year we gave more than anyone else ever attempted to give for the money.

The reason lies in the Overland's matchless simplicity. A 10-year-old child can master the car in five minutes.

Never was a car so easy to operate—so easy to keep in order. That is why one car has sold others, and the others sold others, until we today employ 4,000 men to meet the demand for Overlands.

A Wonderful Story

Here is a car so amazingly simple—so handsome, so powerful, so cheap—that in two years it has captured a large part of the whole automobile trade. Neither in city or country is there a car that sells like it.

This sensational success forms a fascinating story, and we have told it all in a book. You cannot know the best about automobiles till you read it. Please send us this coupon today for it.

None Can Compete

It is so with all Overland models—with our $1,250, $1,400 and $1,500 cars. Each is the utmost at its price.

All prices include Magneto and full lamp equipment.

Our four factories must this year make $24,000,000 worth of Overland cars to fill orders already placed.

This enormous output—this specialization—places Overland cars beyond all competition. To sell equal cars at the Overland prices would ruin a smaller maker.

Simplicity

The demand for Overland automobiles has multiplied 500 times over in the past two years. It has made our sales the largest in the world.

F. A. Barker, Sales Manager, A-69
The Willys-Overland Co.
Toledo, Ohio
Please mail me the book.

Licensed Under Selden Patent.

20 Year Guarantee

Solid Gold Filled 4.95

It seems impossible but we mean just what we say. A genuine solid gold filled watch for $4.95. Both case and works fully guaranteed. Double hunting case, fancy engraved. Genuine full seven ruby jeweled Mov

One Dollar OR NOTHING

We Want No Pay

until you say "Here is the dollar; you deserve it," we want no money until we have EARNED IT. You need not send a penny until you can send the dollar with a glad heart, until you are entirely satisfied and feel that you owe it. YOU PAY NOTHING until we have proven to you we have what we claim, until Vitae-Ore is doing for you what you want it to do for you. You must be willing and glad to pay one dollar or you pay nothing. WE MEAN JUST WHAT WE SAY. There are no half-way measures, no "backing-out" on our part, no dickerings or bickerings. It is ONE DOLLAR OR NOTHING. Either Vitae-Ore will earn the dollar or a full month's treatment will cost you nothing. We want to send you enough Vitae-Ore to last a full month, on these liberal terms, and want you to use it for thirty days. All you need do is to write for it. Don't send any money or stamps. We ask for no references. WE TAKE YOUR WORD.

If you can say Vitae-Ore has earned the dollar by the health it brought you, pay it to us. If you cannot say this, you will owe nothing. What can be fairer?

YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE. You are to be the one to say whether it has or has not, whether it did its work or failed, whether we are right or wrong. We leave it entirely for you to decide whether it shall be ONE DOLLAR OR NOTHING. You get the package to make the test, use it carefully for thirty days, and then pass your calm judgment upon it, and what you say goes. It all lies with you. We say one package of Vitae-Ore will prove its power in curing disease, and therefore send it to you on trial without payment of a cent, you to be the judge. You judge it by judging HOW YOU FEEL after you have used it for one month. You know if you feel better, if you sleep sounder, if you digest your food easier, if your Stomach and Liver do not bother you, if your Limbs and Back do not trouble you, if your Heart does not disturb you, if your Kidneys are acting right, if you are stronger, more active and have more red blood in your veins. You can easily judge after a month's trial if YOUR HEALTH is returning. When it does, pay us the dollar. If it does not, pay nothing. We take all the risk; we are entirely willing to make it ONE DOLLAR OR NOTHING. Read our trial offer and send for Vitae-Ore today.

Use Vitae-Ore For

Rheumatism and Lumbago, Kidney, Bladder or Liver Disease, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of Any Part, Nervous Prostration, La Grippe, Anæmia, Piles, Sores and Ulcers, Bowel Troubles, Impure Blood and All Worn-Out, Debilitated Conditions.

COUPON

Theo. Noel Co., Vitae-Ore Bldg., Chicago, Ills.
I have read your large advertisement in the TOLEDO BLADE
and want you to send me a full-sized One Dollar package of Vitae-Ore for me to try. I agree to pay $1.00 if it benefits me, but will not pay a penny if it does not. I am to be the judge. The following is my address, to which the trial treatment is to be sent by mail, postpaid:

Name _____

Town _____

State _____

Street or Rural Route _____

TWO MILLION SICK PEOPLE

have accepted our offer and tried Vitae-Ore at our risk. Why don't you follow their example? Two million sick people have written "Send me a package on trial," and they got it. Two million sick people have tested Vitae-Ore without a penny's risk, have judged it, have seen for themselves what Vitae-Ore is and what it can do, as we ask you to see and judge. Hundreds of ailing, sickly, bodily weak, worn-out people are sending for it every day in the year. Perhaps at this very moment some one a short distance from your home is writing us for a package on trial, taking the first step to health we ask you to take. Month after month our trial offer has appeared and has been accepted by thousands of people who needed the health Vitae-Ore offers. We keep on advertising this offer, because Vitae-Ore cures and satisfies, because people judge it honestly and gladly pay for the trial treatment when they are benefited. Why don't you send for it? You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. You are to be the judge. Read our trial offer, read the good work V.-O. has done for others and write for a package today.

Read This Trial Offer

Just Say The Word and we will send you a full sized $1.00 package of Vitae-Ore, enough for one month's continuous use. We want to send it on thirty days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it without any risk, just want the word from you telling us to send it to you. We are glad to send it to you in this way, for this is the way we sell Vitae-Ore to the sick. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all the chances. You don't risk a penny. All we ask is that you use Vitae-Ore for thirty days, see what it does for you and pay us $1.00 for it if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you positive, actual, visible good—benefit that you know and can feel. Otherwise we ask nothing, we want nothing and you pay nothing. Can you not spare a few moments to write OUR name and address on an envelope and YOUR name and address in the coupon, so we will know you want to try Vitae-Ore? Cannot you spare a few moments each day for thirty days to use it? That is all it takes. Cannot you spare this little time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness. We are to be the judge, we are perfectly willing to trust to your decision, to let everything rest with your honor and judgement, as to whether Vitae-Ore has earned its pay. Read what Vitae-Ore is, read how it brings a healing mineral spring to your door and send today for a $1.00 package on trial.

A MINERAL SPRING At Your Door

Since the beginning of time mineral springs have been utilized for their healing and restorative powers. The ancients knew their value and had favorite springs, to which they resorted when feeble in health. Although our artificial civilization, has in many ways gotten far away from nature and natural modes of healing, the medicinal value of mineral waters has always been recognized and they are depended upon as curatives when other means fail. Doctors do not deny their value, but voluntarily acknowledge it when their prescriptions fail to benefit, by sending patients to mineral springs. The curative forces found in mineral waters come from the natural mineral deposits through which the waters force their way and the mineral from such deposits, if oxidized by exposure to the air, would no doubt become soluble in water and make mineral waters of great power. The name Vitae-Ore means "Life Mineral" and the original Vitae-Ore, founded by Theo. Noel and first offered by him to the sick in the year 1880, came from a natural mineral deposit, possessing, when mixed with water, curative virtues of a high order. Vitae-Ore in its improved form is a combination of substances from which many world-noted mineral springs derive medicinal power and healing virtues. It consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. Each teaspoonful of the liquid made from Vitae-Ore, drunk in a half glass of ordinary drinking-water, makes a mineral water equaling in medicinal strength and healing value, many glasses of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs. Vitae-Ore is a mineral spring, condensed and concentrated, brought right to your door.

A BAD CASE OF SYSTEMIC CATARRH.

BEECHER CITY, ILL.—I cannot praise Vitae-Ore enough, as I am positive it saved my life when all other medicines and doctors failed. For three years I had been a great **sufferer from Systemic Catarrh,** so badly that it affected every organ within me and everyone was expecting me to die. In the winter of 1901 I had given up all hopes of

ever seeing spring come again. Though I had two of the best doctors here attending me I grew steadily worse. I was confined to the house and to my bed during all of that winter, and during the month of February gave up all hope, as did my friends and relatives. I began the use of Vitae-Ore on the first of March, 1901, and **began to improve immediately during the first week.** As soon as I got it I dismissed the doctors, as I thought I had to die anyhow, not having much faith or hope for a cure. In a week's time I was out of my bed and around the house, and steadily improved from day to day. Myself and young son cut and put up 850 stocks of corn during that fall, besides doing lots of hard work, and I was the same man who thought the spring of the year would find me in my grave. It is eight years since my cure of Systemic Catarrh in 1901 and **I have never had any symptom of its return.** I consider Vitae-Ore **a good, reliable medicine to use right along** and a God-send to poor, afflicted people. E. B. COLEMAN.

Rheumatism Conquered At 80.

MENOMINEE, MICH.—About six years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism in my shoulder, which caused me considerable pain in my neck, and **my arms were badly swollen even to the ends of my fingers.** The pain then passed over to my other shoulder, and I was suffering so terribly I could hardly turn over in bed and could not put on my clothes without great difficulty. The Vitae-Ore advertisement attracted my attention four years ago and I decided to give it a trial. Before I had used an entire package I felt much improved, but to make the cure entirely sure I used another package. **Vitae-Ore cured me,** though I was 80 years old. I recommend Vitae-Ore with pleasure, and think it is the greatest preventive of sickness and disease. I know it has helped me wonderfully; gave me an appetite, vigor and strength. **I am now 84 years old, feel well and can do working every day.** People say it is wonderful at my age. O. F. BUELL.

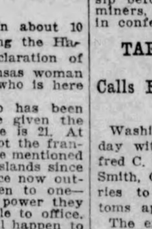
Permanently Cured 9 Years Ago.

SPIVEY, KANS.—I suffered with **Cramps in the Stomach** for years and tried a number of remedies, but to no avail. The doctors said I could never be cured. Some **called it Neuralgia and some Gall Stones.** My daughter sent me a package of Vitae-Ore to try, which I did, with astonishing results. When I had taken about three packages I was cured sound and well. This was nine years ago and **I have had no symptoms since of my old trouble.** MRS. MARY MCALLISTER.

Pays Big Dividends In Health.

AUMSVILLE, OREGON.—I first used Vitae-Ore **twenty years ago** and find it pays a big dividend to the user in the health it brings. I have found it a reliable medicine for the Nerves, Stomach and Kidneys, and also that it has **most wonderful curative properties for Skin Diseases.** It cured a case of Salt Rheum of two years standing. D. B. SWANK.

Suffered For Forty Years.



MORGAN CITY, LA.—Vitae-Ore has certainly proven a God-send to me. I suffered for about forty years with **Stomach and Heart Trouble.** I have had first one physician and then another, but they all failed to cure me. One day I saw the advertisement of Vitae-Ore in a magazine and I sent for a package on thirty days' trial. In less than three days after beginning its use I improved wonderfully. It has been three years now since I was sick. I have taken three packages and must say that **I feel as well as I ever did in my life, although I am now sixty-seven years of age.** I recommend Vitae-Ore to all of my friends, and many of them have used it with good success. MRS. F. CRESSON.

Vitae-Ore Is Proven By Time.

For A Quarter Of A Century Vitae-Ore has stood the test of the critical American Public. It has been tried and not found wanting. Its reputation has grown with each succeeding year, because of the suffering which it remedied, the cures which it made. Everywhere its use has told its own plain story, a story which has meant health and comfort to thousands of men and women and proven a blessing on farm and ranch and in town homes. A thirty days' trial will tell its story TO YOU. We take all the risk. Send for a thirty-day trial package immediately. ADDRESS US AS FOLLOWS:

THEO. NOEL CO., T. B. Dept. Vitae-Ore Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.

STATES WIN RIGHT TO TAX RAILWAYS

STATE WINS BIG SUM.

St. Paul, Feb. 22.—Speaking of the victory won by yesterday's decision of the United States supreme court in the 4 per cent gross earnings tax case, Attorney General George T. Simpson said: "This victory means that the state becomes possessed of $800,000 in back taxes as well as an insured annual revenue of $200,000. It is the most important litigation the state has ever carried on and was brought by my predecessor in office, E. T. Young."

Washington, Feb. 22.—In more than 50 decisions, the supreme court of the United States yesterday passed on the administration of justice as it appeared in the lower federal courts and state tribunals in more than half the states in the union. Many state laws were declared unconstitutional, more upheld, and the laws of the United States given a final interpretation.

The importance of state railroad laws decided exceeded any other line of cases. The state of Minnesota won a complete victory over the Great Northern Railway company and the Chicago Great Western Railway company, which had resisted the state's attempt to levy a 4 per cent gross earnings tax on them.

The state of South Carolina likewise won a victory over the railroads in that state, when the court adopted the view of the supreme court of South Carolina that the law requiring railroads to pay a penalty of $50 for failure to adjust within 90 days claims for losses applied only to interstate traffic.

The state of Kansas came out victorious in its fight with the Missouri Pacific Railroad company for the installation of separate passenger trains on a branch road from Madison, Kan., to the Kansas-Missouri state line.

It was in this case that the court announced the doctrine that will reach every state, that even if this passenger train was operated at a loss, the railroad was under a duty to perform such service as long as it retained its charter.

The state of Alabama had its statute levying an annual franchise tax on foreign corporations declared unconstitutional. Railroads brought the case to the supreme court. The state of Georgia lost in most of its contentions in the attempt to levy on the Georgia Railroad and Banking company property and franchise taxes, despite charter exemptions.

ACCUSES 4TH OFFICIAL

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 22.—Fuller details as to the alleged corrupt use of money in influencing legislation here in 1901 are now likely to be brought out in the investigation by the senate of the charge by Senator Conger that in 1901, when he and Senator Jotham P. Allds both were members of the assembly, Allds and others were given money in behalf of the American Bridge company and other bridge building concerns.

When the senate today went into committee of the whole and Senator Conger returned to the witness stand, Senator Davis presiding, announced that he would permit Senator Conger to answer the question, asked before adjournment Friday, regarding his knowledge of the distribution of the $4,000 alleged to have been handed to Assemblyman Jean L. Burnett at the time, as asserted by Conger, that Allds was given $1,000.

The stenographer then repeated the question Senator Wainwright asked lats Friday:

"Did ether Burnett or your brother state to you at any time whether Burnett was to keep that money himself or whether he was to divide it with others?"

"Yes, he did," answered Conger.

Fourth Man Is Named.

"My brother told me," continued the witness, "that Mr. Burnett claimed he would have to have a considerable sum of money; that he would have to take care of the chairman of the internal affairs committee and others on the floor but did not tell me their names."

The chairman of the assembly committee on internal affairs in 1901 was George W. Doughty, Republican, of Queens county. He is the fourth legislator to be definitely connected by Conger's testimoney with the boodle fund of $6,000.

Conger was then interrogated regarding his allegation that the bridge companies were asked in 1905 to send a "protection fund" of $10,000 to Albany.

"Who made this demand?" he was asked.

"A representative of one of the bridge companies," said the witness.

"He came to my house in 1905. He said certain demands were made and he asked me to attend a conference to be held at the Yates hotel in Syracuse. Some were for complying with the demands and others were against it. I was not in favor of paying anything."

The witness said he thought a part of the fund was raised, but that no member of the legislature paid any of it. The money, he said, was returned to the bridge companies.

Conger named Fred W. Sage, who lived in Rochester, and was conected with the Penn Bridge Company in 1905, as the man who told him that the demand for $10,000 was made upon the bridge companies. Sage probably will be summoned as a witness.

Doughty Makes Denial.

"There is not a word of truth in Senator Conger's statement that I would have to be 'taken care of' in preventing the reporting of the so-called strike bridge bill and that I received any part of the money which Assemblyman Burnett is said to have paid over to others," said former Assemblyman George W. Doughty, of Queens county, today.

"I was chairman of the assembly committee on internal affairs when the bridge bill came to the committee. Senator Conger, who was a member of the committee at the time, came to me regarding the bill, and I told him that he could control the bill in any way he saw fit. As a member of the committee, I thought this courtesy was due him. That was all I ever had to do with the bill in any way, shape or form, and I don't know anything further about the matter. This much I do know, that no money at any time was ever paid to me."

PLANS TO FORCE CRISIS

Leader of the Irish Party Refuses to Support Asquith Program.

London, Feb. 22.—The players in the game of politics have thrown their cards upon the table in the house of commons. The government is without the allies necessary to carry legislation and the prospect is that the country will be stirred up by another general election within a few months.

Yesterday's session of parliament and King Edward's speech from the throne marked a momentous occasion for the cabinet's policy was not revealed to the country until the moment Premier Asquith took the floor. Seldom in the history of the house of commons have its proceedings been watched with more intense interest by the small but distinguished assembly of spectators who were able to gain admission and the millions who depend upon the newspapers for their information.

Premier Asquith announced that the financial legislation will be put ahead of the proposals to curb the power of the house of lords. John E. Redmond, the Irish leader, declared flatly that the Nationalists would not support that program. The Laborites probably will follow in the footsteps of the Irish members.

In the course of the debate in the house of lords, Lord Lansdowne, leader of the opposition, said that if the new house of commons adopted the finance bill the lords were ready to expedite its passage, although their opinion with regard to it was unchanged.

Mr. Redmond and his Irish colleagues' control led the course of events. His pronouncement that the Irish members would not support the prime minister was the sensation of the day and it appears to have settled the administration's fate. It is reported that 25 Radicals have declared their intention of supporting Mr. Redmond against the government's course and that great pressure is being brought to bear upon the Radicals to induce Mr. Asquith to resign forthwith.

The government may be able to adopt the budget by the grace of the Conservatives, who possibly will vote for it, in order to avoid financial chaos and keep the wheels of the empire turning. But the enactment of the budget will, as Mr. Redmond pointed out, leave the winning cards in the hands of the lords, who then will be free to reject the bill for the reforming of their house and force another election.

Austen Chamberlain will propose an amendment to the king's speech in favor of tariff reform and imperial preference, at the same time deploring the failure of the ministers to recognize in the speech the nature and gravity of the state of trade and employment.

Speeches by the monarch from the throne always are prepared by the ministers in power and represent their views rather than his own. Usually they are prosaic, but one clause in yesterday's speech is regarded as most significant. Referring to the proposed reform of the house of lords, the speech contained the qualifying clause: "In the opinion of my advisers," which is interpreted as meaning that the king wants to dissociate himself from such proposals.

KILLS RACE TRACK CHARGE

Cincinnati, Feb. 22.—An indictment against the Latonia Agricultural association charging it with permitting gambling at its race track was dismissed in the county court at Covington, Ky., today.

The indictment charged that the association permitted gambling in that it allowed bookmaking at the fall race meeting, instead of using the Pari Mutuel system, recognized by the Kentucky racing commission.

The dismissal was made on demurrer filed by the attorney for the racing association.

TILLMAN'S MIND ALERT

Senator Believed to Be on Road to Complete Recovery.

Washington, Feb. 22.—The improvement in the condition of Senator B. R. Tillman, of South Carolina, continued today, and his family believes he is gradually approaching recovery. He spent a good night, and when he awoke this morning it was evident that the remarkably favorable turn in the paralysis and aphasia was progressing satisfactorily. The use of his right side, which was completely paralyzed a few days ago, is returning and he can now move his right arm and leg. His mind is alert and he is able to talk to some extent.

JAPS TO RULE HAWAII

Soon Will Outnumber Americans Seven to One.

Topeka, Kan., Feb. 22.—"In about 10 years the Japs will be ruling the Hawaiian islands," is the declaration of Mrs. J. W. Kershner, a Kansas woman who lives in Honolulu, but who is here visiting her parents.

"Every Japanese boy who has been born on the islands will be given the right to vote as soon as he is 21. At present the Japanese have not the franchise. There is none of the age mentioned who have been born on the islands since annexation, but wait. The race now outnumbers the Americans seven to one—and when they get political power they will elect all their own people to office. "It is hard to tell what will happen to the Americans when that time comes."

A SWEET BREATH

You May Have It at Little Trouble and No Expense—

as well as clean, healthy teeth, free from germs of decay, and an antiseptically clean mouth, adding much to your personal attractiveness. To be sweet and clean use Paxtine, a specialty for dainty women and wholesome men.

Just write your name and address on a postal card and send it to The Paxton Toilet Co., 230 Columbus, Ave., Boston, Mass., and they will send you at once a trial box of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic—entirely without cost to you.

MINERS HOLD CONFERENCE

Debate Whether to Again Meet With Operators.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 22.—Whether there shall be a new conference between operators and miners in the central competitive field or a renewal of the conference that disbanded at Toledo was considered here today by district leaders in the United Mine Workers of America from Ohio, Indiana and western Pennsylvania. The conference was called by T. L. Lewis, of the labor organization.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 22.—That the 45,000 coal miners of Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Arkansas will demand that the operators accept the wage scale agreed up by the national convention of the United Mine Workers of America at Indianapolis two weeks ago and that the operators will insist upon reducing the present scale was the gossip before the representatives of the miners, the operators and mine owners in conference here today.

TAFT WITHDRAWS NAMES

Calls Back Nominations for Customs Court.

Washington, Feb. 2.—The President today withdrew the nominations of Alfred C. Cox, William H. Hunt, James F. Smith, Orin M. Barner and Marion Devries to be judges of the court of customs appeals.

The explanation of the withdrawal of the nominations was that the positions were offered with the understanding that they were to carry $10,000 a year each, as provided in the Payne bill. Congress having refused to provide more than $7,000 each for the judges of that court, the President felt that it would be better to withdraw the names until he has had time to inform the men nominated of the facts and ascertain whether they were willing to accept under the new conditions. It is known that some of the proposed judges will not accept at the reduced salaries.

15-YEAR-OLD IN PULPIT

Boy Reads Sermons When Father Is Busy.

Winsted, Conn., Feb. 22.—When his father is ill or for any other reason is absent from the pulpit in the Methodist Episcopal church in Bakersville, eight miles from here, Francis M. Rollins, aged 15, preaches for him. Francis is the eldest of six children of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Rollins. He reads sermons prepared either by his father or himself. Whenever the boy preacher is announced to appear in the pulpit the result is a crowded church.

"In two weeks," Rev. Mr. Rollins said yesterday, "the presiding elder will issue a license to my son to preach the gospel."

Francis attends the high school in Torrington and walks to and from school each day, a total distance of 10 miles.

DEPEW READS A FAREWELL

But It Was Father George's, Not the Senator's.

Washington, Feb. 22.—As its only recognition of Washington's birthday the senate today listened to the reading of the farewell address of the father of his country. The reading was performed by Senator Chauncey M. Depew, of New York, who was designated by the vice president for this service.

Senator Depew took the platform immediately after the opening prayer of Chaplain Pierce, in which the day was alluded to as one of "grateful and holy remembrance." The attendance of senators was scant, but was compensated for by the large number of visitors in the galleries.

Mr. Depew was in good voice, and he was heard throughout the chamber. The reading consumed about an hour and after it was concluded the senate proceeded with its routine business.

The only reference to George Washington in the house of representatives when it met today was by Rev. Henry N. Couden, the blind chaplain. Extending the morning prayer beyond the usual time consumed in that devotional exercise, Mr. Couden referred to the "influence of the great work and character of Washington upon the destiny of the American republic."

PICTURE SHOW FOR INSANE

Nebraska Superintendent Thinks It Will Be Beneficial.

Lincoln, Neb., Feb. 22.—The state board of public lands and buildings will buy a moving picture machine for the amusement of the insane patients at the Norfolk asylum. Superintendent J. P. Percival says that the pictures appear to soothe patients, and that they can watch them without the exciting effects incident to other forms of diversion.

Texas Takes 1,500 Overland Automobiles

The makers of the Overland announce that Texas this year orders 1,500 Overland cars. Kansas takes 1,000, Iowa, 1,000, Nebraska, 750.

Three towns in Kansas, where the Overlands have been known only one year, each takes 200 cars.

The total orders for Overlands booked for this year call for $24,000,000 worth of cars, and the four Overland factories are now turning out 125 cars per day. Yet the Overland is but two years old.

When a car comes into a field so closely contested and outsells all others inside of two years, one naturally asks for the reason. The makers say that the main reason lies in the car's matchless simplicity. The operation of the car is as simple as walking. And every part of the car is so automatic that it is almost trouble proof.

Then the Overland offers a 25 horsepower car, with a 102-inch wheel base, for $1,000. They can do this because of their enormous capacity.

A man who wants to read something interesting should write to the Willys-Overland Co., Toledo, Ohio, for a copy of "The Wonderful Overland Story."

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Tuesday, Feb. 15.—Senate.—Mr. Burkett in a set speech contended that the postal savings bank bill is constitutional, and Mr. Crawford said the present high cost of commodities is due to the increase in the gold supply. The senate passed a number of bills, among which were measures to prohibit misrepresentations of the government's guaranty of foods and medicines and regulating hazing at West Point.

House.—The house passed the rivers and harbors bill, carrying $35,000,000, with authorizations for work that will cost $7,000,000 more.

Wednesday, Feb. 15.—Senate.—The senators' session was very brief, it having exhausted the uncontested bills on the calendar and being unable to proceed with other business on account of its rules.

House.—A number of local bills were passed by the house.

Thursday, Feb. 17.—Senate.—Mr. Davis, of Arkansas, engaged in an excited denunciation of John D. Rockefeller today in connection with consideration of a bill granting right of way for an oil and gas line across his state. The bill was then passed, Mr. Davis casting the only vote in the negative. The senate also passed the diplomatic and consular bill appropriating $4,000,000, and appointed a committee to investigate the cost of living.

House.—The Indian appropriation bill and measures of interest to the District of Columbia were under consideration until dajournment.

Friday, Feb. 18.—Senate.—Mr. Newlands delivered a speech advocating a measure proposed by him to advance co-operation of the engineer corps of the army with other agencies devoted to the development of the resources of the country. The senate adjourned until Monday.

House.—Discussion of the Indian appropriation bill and reference of many war claims to the court of claims occupied most of the time in the house. The house leaders, holding to their policy of expediting business by permitting no long speeches on appropriation measures, refused to concede extra time to members of the minority. The postoffice appropriation bill was reported late in the day and the house adjourned.

Monday, Feb. 21.—Senate.—Bills providing for a commission to investigate the business methods of the government and for the issuance of $30,000,000 of certificates of indebtedness in the interests of irrigation projects were discussed by the Senate, but neither measure was disposed of. Senator Aldrich estimated that the former measure would offer an annual saving of $100,00,000. The House bill to require railroad companies to supply handbreaks, step ladders, etc., was passed.

House.—The House took action assuring an appropriation of $125,000 for completing the New York office of the immigration commission. A large number of local bills were passed and furthur progress was made upon the Indian appropriation bill, which, upon adjournment, had been about half completed.

THE MARKETS

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Feb. 22.—Receipts of hogs again were light and the market was 10@20c higher. At the close the market was firm. Demand ruled good and quality averaged fair. Other live stock remained steady.

Local live stock quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, $9.60@9.70; good mediums, $8.60@8.65; heavy Yorkers, $9.60@9.65; light Yorkers, $9.50@9.55; good mixed, $9.60@9.70; good pigs, $9.40@9.50; bulk of sales, $9.60@9.65; stags, and roughs, $7.25@8.75.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.00@6.50; good to choice, $6.00@6.25; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $5.50@6.00; fair to good, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $5.25@5.65; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice to fat cows, $4.00@4.50; fair to good cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $2.50@3.50; canners and cutters, $1.50@2.25; prime export bulls, $4.50@5.00; good butcher bulls, $4.00@4.50; fair to good bologna, $3.50@4.00; common, $3.00@3.50; choice fat heifers, $4.50@5.50; fair to good heifers, $4.00@4.50; common and light heifers, $3.50@4.00; good to choice feeding steers, $4.00@4.50; fair to good feeders, $4.00@4.25; stockers, good to choice, $4.00; stockers, common to fair, $3.50@4.00; milkers and springers, $25@50.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $5.50@6.60; good to choice mixed, $4.50@5.50; fair to good, $4.00@4.50; culls and common, $3.50@4.00; yearlings, $5.50@6.50; lambs, fair to good, $7.50@8.00; lambs, top, $8.75; common, light, $6.00@7.00; culls, $5.00@6.00.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $9@9.50; fair to good, $8.50@9.00; common to light, $7.00@8.00; heavy and pail-fed, $5.00@7.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 22.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle—Receipts, 5 cars; market steady. Hogs—Receipts, 10 cars; market higher; heavy at $9.80@9.85; yorkers, $9.70@9.75; pigs, $9.60@9.65. Sheep—Receipts, 15 cars; market steady; best lambs at $9.10@9.15; yearlings, $8.00@8.50; wethers, $7.00@7.35; ewes, $6.25@6.75. Calves, $5 to $10.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Feb. 22.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 6,000; market steady; beeves, $4.55@8.00; Texas steers, $4.40@5.50; western steers, $4.50@6.25; stockers and feeders, $3.40@5.75; cows and heifers, $2.50@6.15; calves, $7.25@9.75. Hogs, receipts estimated at 20,000; market shade higher; light, $9.00@9.37½; mixed, $9.05@9.47½; heavy, $9.10@9.50; rough, $9.10@9.25; good to choice heavy, $9.25@9.50; pigs, $9.10@9.25; bulk of sales, $9.30@9.45. Sheep, receipts estimated at 12,000; market steady; native, $4.75@7.50; western, $5.00@7.30; yearlings, $7.70@8.60; lambs, native, $7.50@9.30; western, $7.50@9.80.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Feb. 22.—(By Bower & Bower)—Hog, receipts, 20 cars; market higher; mediums and Yorkers, $9.60@9.65; pigs, $9.40@9.50. Lambs, $9. Calves, $10.25.

New York Stocks.

New York, Feb. 21, 1910.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	2:30 p. m.
Am. Loco. com	50	51	50½	51
Atchison	115¾	115¾	115¼	115⅝
Am. Car & F. Co.	62¾	62¾	61	62¼
Anaconda	49⅝	50¼	49¼	49⅜
Amal. Copper	76	76½	75¼	76¼
Am. Smelters	83½	83⅝	82⅝	83⅜
Am. Woolen Co.	37¾	37⅞	37¼	37⅞
Am. Ice Sec.	23½	23½	23½	23½
Am. Beet Sugar	38½	38¾	38	38½
Baltimore & Ohio	112	112½	111¾	112½
Brooklyn R. T.	73¾	73¾	73¼	73¾
Chicago & G. W.	31⅝	31⅝	31⅛	31⅜
Canadian Pacific	179¾	179⅝	179¾	179¾
Clover Leaf	44	44	44	44
Clover Leaf pfd.	66	66	66	66
Colorado Fuel	29⅝	30¼	29⅝	30¼
Ches. & Ohio	84¾	84¾	82⅝	84¾
Central Leather	42	42	40½	41⅝
Consolidated Gas	145¼	145½	144¼	145¼
Del. & Hudson	175¾	175¾	175¾	175¾
Distillers Sec.	31¾	31¾	31¼	31¼
Erie com.	29	29	29	29
Erie 1st pfd.	46¼	46¼	45⅝	45⅝
Great North. pfd.	136¾	137½	136½	136½
Interborough com.	21¾	22⅛	21⅝	22
Interborough pfd.	55½	56¾	55¼	55¾
K. C. South. com.	38	38	38	38
Louis. & Nash.	150	150	149½	150
Merc. Marine pfd.	21¾	21¾	21	21¼
Missouri Pacific	70¾	71	70⅝	71
M., K. & T. com.	43⅝	43⅝	43	43⅜
Nor. Pacific	136½	136½	136¼	136½
Nat'l Lead	81½	81½	81¼	81¼
N. Y. Air Brake	76	76	76	76
Northwestern	157¼	157½	157	157
North Am. Co.	80	80	80	80
N. Y. Central	121	121¼	120½	122
N. Y. & W. com.	101	101¼	100¾	101¼
Ont. & Western	45½	45⅝	45½	45⅝
Pr. Steel Car com.	42¾	42¾	42¼	42½
Penn. Ry.	132¾	133⅝	132⅝	133½
Pacific Mail	32¾	33	32	32
People's Gas Co.	110¾	110¾	110¼	110¾
Reading com	169½	170⅝	168	170⅞
Rock Island	49¾	49½	48⅝	49½
Rep. I. & S. Co.	39	40	38¾	39⅜
Ry. Steel Spgs.	42¾	42¾	42	42
So. Ry.	28⅞	29	28⅝	29
So. Ry. Pref.	140	140¾	145	140¼
Southern Pacific	126¼	126¼	124¾	125⅝
Texas Pacific	20	20	20	20
Tenn. Copper	32⅝	32⅝	32⅝	32⅝
Union Pacific	186½	187½	185¾	187
Un. Pac. Con. 4s	109½	109¾	109¼	109⅝
U. S. Steel	79¾	81	79¾	80¾
U. S. Steel pfd.	120	120	119⅝	120
U. S. Steel 5s	105¼	105¼	105¼	105¼
Utah Copper	49⅝	49⅝	48⅝	49¼
Virginia Chem.	54¾	54¾	53¾	54½
Wabash com	21½	21⅝	21¼	21⅜
Wabash pfd	47½	45⅝	46¼	47½
Western Union	73	73	73	73

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1-lb. prints, 32c; solid pack, 31c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 27@28c; dairy butter, 25c.

Butterine—Tubs, 16@18½c; 1 lb. rolls, 19½c; 2 lb. rolls, 16½@19c.

Eggs—French country, 25c; candled, 26c; fancy, 27c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 17@17½c; New York State, 12c; brick, 19c. Peanut butter, lb., 10@14c. Limburger, 19@20c.

Onions—Spanish, crate, $1.50@1.65; home grown, yellow globe, 75@85c; red, 75c.

Celery—Michigan, bunch, 25@40c; California, crate, 9 to 10 doz., $4.25; Florida, crate, $3.00.

Lettuce—12½c; head lettuce, Boston, dozen, 75@90c; Florida, hamper, $2.75.

Spinach—Baltimore, hamper, $1.10.

Pie Plant, dozen, 75c.

Tomatoes—Florida, 6 basket crate, $4.50@5.00; hot house, lb., 20c.

Spinach—Bunch, doz., 65@75c.

Potatoes—45c.

Sweet Potatoes bbl., Illinois, $3.00; Jersey, 1½ bu., hamper, $1.25.

Cabbage—Home grown, 1¾@2c; ton $35.

Cauliflower—Florida, hamper of 2 doz., $3.00.

Squash—Hubbard, lb., 2@2½c.

Cucumbers—Hot house, doz., $2.25.

Cranberries—Cape Cod, $6.00@6.50; Oak Bog, $5.50 bbl.; bu., $1.75@2.00.

Beets—50@60c.

Parsnips—Bu., 50c.

Carrots—40c.

Turnips—30@40c.

Radishes—30c doz.; parsley, 20c doz. bunches; turnips, 40c.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.10@1.75.

Pineapples—Florida, dozen, $1.50; case, $2.25; Hawaiian, $1.50.

Apples—Baldwins, $2.50@4.00; Kings, $4.00@4.50; Spies, $4.00@4.50; Wagner, $4.00; Greenings, $3.00@4.00; Ben Davis, $2.00@3.50; Russets, $3.50@4.00; Pacific northwest, box, $2.00@3.50; Michigan, box, $1.50@1.75.

Malaga Grapes—$4.50@5.00.

Lemons—$3.50.

Limes—Box of 100, $1.00@1.50.

Oranges—Florida, $2.25@2.75; Navels, prime high colored, $1.50@2.25; Indian River, $4.00.

Grape Fruit—Case, $4.00@5.00; tangerines, strap, $3.50@4.00.

Strawberries—Quart 75c.

Kumquats, qt., 20c.

Maple Syrup—Gallon, $1.00.

Honey—Strained, 2 doz. cases, $1.75, fancy new comb, lb., 18@19c; amber, 16.

Horseradish—Bbl., $4.75@5.25.

Cider—Gallon, 16@17c.

Maple Sugar—One-lb. bricks, 9c.

Popcorn—Old, lb., 2½@3c.

Hickory nuts, large, 50@75c bu.; small, $1.75@2.25; almonds, 16c; cocoanuts, doz., 60c; fillbers, 12½c; English walnuts, 15@18c; Brazil nuts, 10c; black walnuts, 50@75c.

Mushrooms, 4-lb. basket, $1.50@2.00.

Rabbits—Dozen, $1.75@2.00.

Dressed fowl, 16@17c; turkeys, 25@27c.

Veal—Alive, chickens, 16; turkeys, 20@22c. Dressed, 19@20c.

Spring Lambs—Pelts off, 12@13c.

Sheep—60@c.

Cow Beef—5@7c.

Steers—8@10c.

Heifers—7@8c.

Cleveland Produce.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

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